

STALKING SEASON OF 1920 (Illustrated). By Frank Wallace.
GREY ATLANTIC SEAL (Illustrated). By Seton Gordon.

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 1249. SATURDAY. DECEMBER 11th, 1920.

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REVILLE.

LADY MOIRA COMBE.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

THE CLOTH AND THE COAT

NATIONAL and private economy are the questions most seriously debated at the present moment. During the past week the most significant utterances in regard to the subject were those of the Prime Minister to the Federation of British Industries and Mr. Clynes at the dinner organised by the Higher Production Council. The Prime Minister showed himself fully alive to the gravity of the situation and the need for restraint. He has promised to go thoroughly into the accounts and see what can be done away with, so as to make taxation less of a killing burden than it is just now. Among other things, he said firmly that public expenditure ought to be cut down to a minimum consistent with national efficiency. That is a very salutary remark, but it needs to be made effective, and the effective way is to ascertain what revenue can be obtained from the country without crippling industry and challenging bankruptcy. At present the taxes imposed are forcing the householder to use up his capital. If once that is done, then the middle classes of this country will refuse any longer to contribute to such things as the education of the working man's children. They will argue, with perfect fairness, that his wages now enable him to pay for this himself. And education is only one of several things. Instead of reducing the burden it places on the tax-payer the Government is

preparing to establish a much more expensive scheme. Those who go over the estimates will find that there is very strong opinion against cutting anything down. When it comes to the point those interested will make a strenuous effort to prove that their particular branch is starving rather than overfed. It would be quite different if the Chancellor of the Exchequer took a definite figure, let it be eight hundred millions, as has been suggested, or any other amount which, in his opinion, could be obtained from revenue at the present time without undue hardship. The State then would be in the position of a man who said he had so much a year and that he must arrange his expenditure so that at the end of the twelve months he will have something left, not a deficit. If that were done in regard to the State in the strenuous manner advocated by Mr. Lloyd George when he said that we must put off even praiseworthy expenditure to a more prosperous time if we find it cannot be afforded now, it would mean that a number of seeming benevolent schemes, perfectly admirable if we had the means to carry them out, would have to be postponed.

The speech made by Mr. Clynes to the Higher Production Council dealt with another and equally important aspect of economy. At the beginning he made a remark the sense of which we have emphasised many a time. It was to the effect that our educational system has not taught the mass of the community some of those simple and elementary facts in political economy which it would be well for every man and woman in the country to know. If the labour classes tilt at economical law they will be like men dashing themselves against a rock. Mr. Clynes had no difficulty in proving that they are. One of their favourite panaceas is that of low production, either by adopting a policy of "ca'canny," or reducing hours of work. "There are workers," said Mr. Clynes, "who think that if they do less there will be more for someone else to do." Now we need go no further than the present year for a refutation of this. It has been one of low production, and in it the figure of unemployment has been rising higher than we have ever known it before. Were it true that low production found work for others, the unemployment problem would have been solved long ago. Needless to say, Mr. Clynes does not fail in sympathy with those who are thrown out of work, but he went on to show that scarcity is the friend of the profiteer, provides him with an opportunity of speculation and the consequent high prices, which form his main object. On the other hand, plenty is the friend of the worker. Again, to quote Mr. Clynes, if "increased production lessens his difficulties, decreased production increases his burdens and diminishes the purchasing power of his wages." There is no doubt some workers believe that higher production would lead to a fall in wages. The allegation that cotton operatives are out of work because they have produced too much is one of the fallacies in point. It is untrue. They are out of work because of the high price of their products and the low purchasing power of would-be buyers.

Out of all this Mr. Clynes evolved the argument that individual effort is not enough. We must have community of effort, we must all pull together. All who spoke at this dinner united in praise of the Priestman system. This scheme was defined by the chairman as being in effect that "a standard output was chosen upon which a standard wage was based, and as that standard output was exceeded, all other conditions being equal, wages were increased in the same percentage."

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Lady Moira Combe in her wedding dress is the frontispiece of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. She is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell, and her marriage with Major H. C. S. Combe, D.S.O., elder son of Captain Christian and Lady Jane Combe took place on the last day of November.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

SMITHFIELD SHOW is the great event of the year to bring with it an air of Christmas. On this occasion it has practically returned to pre-war conditions. There was an excellent display of fat stock and a splendid attendance of farmers. The latter do not change their habits very easily, and it has been their custom since the institution of this Show at the beginning of the nineteenth century to make it the occasion of an annual outing up to London where they can combine instruction with enjoyment. December is always a slack season with them, but this December is slacker than usual, because of the magnificent sunny autumn which enabled ploughing and other work to be got through in good time. Farming has never been further forward in December than it is this year. Thus the jolly old-fashioned farmer can come up to town and see the sights and take his pleasure generally with a heart free from care. He has, on the whole, done well in the past year, and the prospects in front of him are by no means clouded.

MANY a householder must have had his peace of mind considerably disturbed by the arrival of one of the income tax assessment notices with which the country has been flooded during the last two or three weeks. He probably did not understand it, for the method of assessment with which we have grown tolerably familiar has been entirely altered, and though the notice was accompanied by an explanatory memorandum, that document is only another example of the peculiar knack possessed by Government departments of issuing explanations that make confusion more confusing to the lay mind. In most cases the one fact that will emerge plainly is that our income tax is going to cost us more—a lot more if we are also liable to super-tax, and a substantial sum if our income stands at anything between £500 and £600 and £2,000 a year. Indeed, speaking very generally, the married man with a large family and a small income seems to be the only person who will benefit materially by the new method of assessment. The old distinction between earned and unearned income and the old graduated or sliding scale tax are in the main abolished. Tax is now payable at only two rates—six shillings in the pound and three shillings in the pound—and upon the whole of the taxable income.

THE question that each taxpayer must endeavour to answer is. What is my taxable income? It is his gross income less certain deductions. In the first place, if he has any earned income he may deduct one-tenth of that up to a total of £200. Next, if he is a bachelor or widower, he may deduct £135; if married and he wholly maintains his wife (there will be some pretty problems as to the meaning of this), he may deduct £225, or, in cases where the wife earns, up to £270. Then there are deductions in respect of children under sixteen years of age, of housekeepers to widowers or widows with children, of

dependent relatives of the taxpayer, and, where he is in business, the usual allowance for the wear and tear of machinery and plant. What is left of the gross income after these deductions have been made will be the taxable income. On the first £225 of this tax is charged at the rate of three shillings in the pound; the remainder is chargeable at six shillings in the pound. From the amount of tax so arrived at an allowance for life assurance premiums will be made, at a rate varying with the gross income and the date of the policy.

A FUNDAMENTAL principle of British jurisprudence is that justice shall be taken to every man's door, and that every man shall, in the words of an old commentator, "have justice and right for the injury done to him, freely without sale, fully without any denial, and speedily without delay." It was in pursuance of this principle that in very early days a court was constituted for every manor in the kingdom, that later on the King's Justices in Eyre made their perambulations through the counties, and to it we owe the present network of courts of superior or inferior jurisdiction. Practically in only one respect has the principle not been observed—a seeker after redress for a matrimonial injury has had to come to London for justice. Law reformers have long urged that divorce should be made more accessible to the poor man in the provinces, and at last something is to be done in that direction. The Lord Chancellor recently introduced in the House of Lords a Bill which proposes that the Judges of Assize shall have power to try matrimonial causes, and thus end the long-established monopoly of the Divorce Court in the Strand. Such a reform should substantially lessen the present prohibitive cost of divorce proceedings and do much to relieve the congestion of the cause lists in London, and will, incidentally, mitigate the too frequent scandal of workless assizes.

MOMENTS OF JOY.

Laughter may win the face
Of the saddest weeper;
Dawn bring a waking grace
To the soundest sleeper.

Yet often the heart but turns
Again to its weeping,
And oft, oft, the waker yearns
For a longer sleeping.

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

IT is difficult to understand why, in these days, the City Corporation should revive the scheme for building the very unnecessary bridge to be called St. Paul's Bridge, between Blackfriars and Southwark. The new Southwark Bridge with its improved levels ought to be an enormous relief to traffic. We should test this relief first. Everybody knows that Blackfriars Bridge is never crowded with traffic. Now, if the relief to Southwark Bridge should fulfil expectation, it is obvious that the St. Paul's Bridge is not required. If the City Corporation is prepared to spend the money, it can do so in a much more useful and effectual manner in either of two ways. Waterloo Bridge certainly needs widening, and that could be done without interference with its present stately line. Still further, a splendid opportunity seems to be offered of building the new and long talked of Charing Cross Bridge, which would be a worthy war memorial for London. The days of treating the Bridge House Estate as a parochial matter should be allowed to pass away with the war. It may be necessary to go to Parliament for power, but the demand is reasonable and there should be no hesitation about granting it.

THE system of offering prizes for the best literature produced during a period is open to many objections, but it has justified itself in so far as it has directed attention to Miss Constance Holme's exceptionally strong novel, "The Splendid Fairing." The circumstances are that *Femina* and *La Vie Heureuse* offer a prize annually for the

best recent work of English literature, and the Committee met to select three English books from which one will be chosen. The first vote was obtained by "The Splendid Fairing," the second one by Mr. J. D. Beresford's "The Imperfect Mother," and the third by "Shuttered Doors," by Mrs. William Hicks Beach. "The Splendid Fairing" is such a work as the multitude would pass by. Its austere and restrained, though rich, style needs to be pointed out to be appreciated by the multitude. Whoso buys a book for merely the sake of the amusement it will yield in the course of a railway journey is not likely to look twice at "The Splendid Fairing." It nevertheless forms a landmark in a great career. Not since the death of George Eliot has any woman writer shown such capacity to handle a great theme in the grand style as the author of this novel. Had it been published in France it would have been honoured at once and the crowd would have had the sign without which they seldom act.

THERE are more readers to-day than ever before, but they never were less discriminating. Cheap effort and maudlin sentiment appeal direct to their simple hearts. Force and restraint they never appreciate till they have been forced to. It is the same with other forms of hero-worship. Heroes back from the war have to beg and pray for work that will yield them a maintenance, while professional boxers are worshipped and fortunes laid on their altar. Should Mr. Cochran succeed in his plans with regard to the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, the former will be assured of a fortune of eighty thousand pounds and the latter of sixty thousand pounds. Moreover, there is talk of creating a huge building for this contest at a time when many worthier people can scarcely find lodging at all. And they are only two of the notorieties of to-day. There are dozens of others, ranging from Beckett, the prize-fighter, to Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford. We can hardly say that all is well with Israel when these are chosen for popular homage and the true heroes are neglected and their most urgent wants unmet.

EDINBURGH, like Glasgow, has decided firmly against the Pussyfoot agitation. The polling was taken on Saturday and it must have aroused very great interest, as sixty-three per cent. of the voters recorded their votes—figures which may be compared with the thirty per cent. which is the average in ordinary municipal elections. The option preferred by the electors in every one of the twenty-three wards was "no change," and the votes were double of those cast for "no licence," and as for "limitation" of licence, the total votes amounted only to 2,245. In the working class districts especially there was no hesitation about supporting the "no change." As far as the voting goes, therefore, it shows that the desire to reform our laws relating to drink, in the sense of preparing the way for abolition, has very little response. Rightly or wrongly, the majority of our Scottish neighbours hold that if a man believes that whiskey is good for him, he is entitled to buy it, just as in England he who thinks the same about beer is entitled to the same liberty. If we are going to be loyal to the democratic principle of government by the majority, this is decisive.

LOCAL authorities carrying out housing schemes have to get their supplies of bricks, cement and other materials through the Departmental channel, and it is common experience to find their schemes held up because they cannot obtain supplies. Strong representations made in regard to specific instances merely draw forth official disclaimers or indefinite phrases, and there the matter ends. The theory of the Department is that all building material supplies are controlled by it, but the fact in actual practice is that private firms or individuals are able to obtain supplies on their own account—and, no doubt, the manufacturers find it to their interest to do this. There has been an official denial of any such thing as "rings" among the brickmakers and other building material manufacturers; nevertheless, most people who have to do with housing are convinced that such rings exist and that the effect of the Department is no other than to put an official

hall-mark on the trade prices. Lack of supplies is most pronounced in Scotland, where again and again housing schemes have been brought to a halt entirely on this account. It is an immediate necessity to improve matters, and the first action towards reform should be to abolish altogether the Government Department which now hangs like a millstone round the neck of local authorities.

RELAY races have clearly come to stay. No one could doubt it who saw last week's match at Fenner's between Oxford and Cambridge. This was the first match of its kind between the two Universities, but it certainly will not be the last. There runs through a relay race that which is so desirable in any game or sport, the feeling that a man is playing not for himself but his side. At the same time, there is a series of desperate single combats between each pair of runners. The fusing of these two elements produces a wonderfully exciting result, and the crowd at Fenner's was worked up at times to quite frantic enthusiasm, more especially as Cambridge was victorious. The Cambridge team had no one with quite the versatile genius of Rudd, who ran for Oxford in three out of five races, but it had a band of very sturdy runners in all the races; except the hurdles. One of the pluckiest and certainly the most dramatic achievement of the day was that of Seagrove for Cambridge in the four mile race. When he received the baton for the third mile he was seventy yards behind Weekly of Oxford, but he went after him with so tremendous a spurt that he caught his man in the first lap. Weekly just got home first in the end, but Seagrove's effort made it possible for Stallard to win for Cambridge in the last mile. It was a great moment in a great day's racing.

HOSPITALITY.

A robin came and sang to me,
Nor asked for food, nor drink, nor money,
A little rabbit ran to see
Who shared his world so safe and sunny.
And while I ate my bread and honey
A very busy little bee
Prepared more hospitality.

Wild roses perfumed all the air
And shower'd their velvet at my feet,
The south wind caught my tangled hair
And brushed it back all smooth and neat.
And while he swept my thoughts all sweet
The beech-tree offered me a chair
And bade me rest for ever there.

And when the world of wicked men
Works ugliness and hurts I see
My little waiting Heav'n, and when
That wayward self—the other me—
Arises rampant to be free,
I speed my thirsty soul again
To drink God's hospitality!

ANITA DUDLEY.

IT is curious how we may imagine that we know a place very well and yet be ignorant of some of the most beautiful and interesting things in it. The illustrated articles on the Provost's Lodge at Eton, of which we publish the second this week, will probably come as a revelation to many Old Etonians. The average Eton boy knows, as a rule, no more of the Lodge than the door which he sees as he walks round the cloisters. Even the Colleger who feels a sort of proprietary right in School Yard and Lupton's Tower very likely only enters the Lodge when he is first admitted a scholar. Yet, as is clear from the pictures of it, no one can know Eton who does not know the Lodge, which is full not only of lovely things but of the spirit and history of the place. Perhaps nothing there is more interesting than the collection of "leaving pictures," some of which we have been kindly allowed to reproduce from Dr. Lionel Cust's beautiful book "Eton College Portraits." Edward Barnard, who was Headmaster from 1754 to 1765, first received these portraits of certain boys in place of the usual leaving fee. It was an inspiration, for which he should always be gratefully remembered.

THE STALKING SEASON OF 1920

By FRANK WALLACE.



LANGASS.



GLEN DESSARY.



ARISAIG.

THE stalking season of 1920 has shown in some respects an improvement on last year's. Heads were no worse, fortunately, or they would indeed have been bad; the weather was better and weights were above the average. Deer were early in condition, though this was not so universally the case as might have been expected. One stag was killed in Sutherland at the end of July clean of velvet, which is most unusual, and at Gaick many fine stags were clean by August 10th. The spring was good, though dry, and in contrast to the three preceding months, February and March were open with but little snow. April was unsettled and May cold, with but little sun. June was better, with a strong south-east wind, which did not improve the hill grass. The summer on the whole was too wet or too dry and scarcely ever warm and showery. Forests are still suffering from the war and are likely to do so for many a long day. Prior to 1914 some owners fed their deer heavily in the winter—I know of one forest from which the best heads in Scotland came, almost annually, where fifty tons of artificial food were supplied—but this practice has been largely discontinued, and heads, of course, have suffered. Nor is it likely to be resumed, at any rate, on the same scale, owing to the prohibitive prices, if for no other reason. The lower ground in many of the best forests is now stocked with sheep and I should doubt if there is a forest in Scotland which carries its pre-war stock of deer. In this connection I have recently received a letter from a gentleman interested in the subject, which not only puts the present condition of affairs very clearly, but sets out a policy which is the only sane one to adopt in the great majority of deer forests which are let. It deserves the widest publicity. "I have been over many forests during the past season and my experience is that there is hardly a decent head to be seen anywhere, and in my opinion there are very few old stags in the Highlands. Before the war feeding was largely resorted to, but during the war this, of course, was entirely stopped, with the result that nearly all the good stags died in the two severe seasons of 1917 and 1918. The stock now consists largely of young stags, and in my opinion this stock is by no means heavy. In fact, I would go so far as to say that, from a sporting point of view, many forests are understocked, of both stags and hinds. The indiscriminate slaughter of hinds during the war will, of course, tell its own tale in six to ten years from now." (This is a most important point. I have elsewhere advocated the killing of old hinds and sickly calves in preference to so-called "yeld" hinds.) "If you have not a stock of good, healthy hinds on the forest, it is quite impossible to expect a stock of mature stags for future sport. Looking at the question from a national point of view, I should say that the limits of all forests for the future must be considerably cut down. Sheep in the lower areas must now take the place of deer, which means that the wintering of deer will get shorter and shorter and the stags accordingly must necessarily be limited. I would suggest that forest owners should greatly reduce the limits and shoot themselves all the rubbish of stags on forests, and then get up a stock of decent deer to the extent which the ground will carry. This is the principle which I am working on, and I think it is the only principle which will now work with such large areas going under sheep."

This practically covers the whole ground, and it is to be hoped that for the best interests of stalking and for the future of Scottish heads, owners of forests whose ground is affected

will adopt the principles suggested. It should be borne in mind by forest owners that they cannot get the best out of their land as regards deer, any more than any other stockholder can, unless they do something for the land. Feeding, no doubt, benefits *some* deer, but I am convinced that an experienced forest owner is right when he says, "Had I my time again I should buy no corn, but of every pound I spent on the stags 15s. would be for lime and phosphates on the cream of the grass, 2s. 6d. to cut rushes on the best land, and 2s. 6d. to keep the old drains clear, again on the best land." I do not believe that artificial feeding actually grows a good head, but it enables a stag who *might* grow a good head to do so, if he gets the extra food at the right time, as he starts on his period of horn growth in good condition. The real receipt for getting good heads lies in the permanent keeping in the best condition of the land on which the deer live.

The measurements of some of the best heads obtained are given at the end of this article. Among other trophies worth mentioning are a good 8-pointer with a length of 35ins., obtained by Mr. Holt at Abernethy; an 11-pointer with pretty tops and a length of 33ins., killed by Mr. E. S. Wills at Meggernie Castle; a nice wild 13-pointer with rough horn, shot by Miss Mackenzie of Farr early in August at Glenmazeran; and a 7-pointer, shot at Coignafearn by Mr. Langland, with the remarkable inside span of 36ins. The head otherwise was poor. Mr. Hull got a royal of great length at Dunlossit, Major Wilkie a long 9-pointer at Glenshero, and Mr. Fortescue a good 10-pointer at Tulchan.

By gracious permission of His Majesty I am enabled to say that the stalking season at Balmoral was a moderate one, adverse weather conditions being almost entirely responsible. Stags were late; many, indeed, were not clean by the middle of August. When stalking first started there was a complete absence of wind, or light and variable breezes made it difficult to "get in"; while in the latter half of the season there was, for several weeks, a continuance of south-east winds with thick mist, low down on the hills and sometimes to the bottom of the glens. Under these circumstances it was not to be expected that sport would be up to the average, and the total number of stags killed was not more than three-quarters of the normal bag. No heads of outstanding merit were got, but the average weight was rather better than in 1919, owing to the wet summer and consequent greater growth of grass. Three stags of over 16st. were shot, the heaviest being 16st. 11lb.

In Glen Moriston sixty-seven stags were killed at Ceannacroc, thirty-seven on Dundreggan (north and south), twenty on Levishe, twenty on Portclair, and six on Craig Eau. At Ceannacroc and Levishe royals were killed, but the best head by far was a fine 10-pointer killed by Captain P. Grant. The majority of these deer were killed in August and September; on Levishe, indeed, only one stag was shot in October. At Dundreggan, Ceannacroc and Portclair stags of over 18st. were killed.

At Guisachan, rented by Mr. Crum Ewing, forty-three stags were killed, two weighing over 18st. No exceptional heads were killed, the best being three nice 10-pointers, an 11-pointer and a wide 6-pointer. Average weight about 15st.

At Affaric the limit of eighty stags was easily obtained by Sir John Dewrance, and there were a great many deer on the forest. Nine royals were included in the total, but the horns as a rule

were light owing to the dry spring. The average weight was about 15st.

At Fasnakyle Colonel Part obtained sixty-five stags. The average weight was 14st. 3lb., and the heaviest beast 17st. 7lb.; the best head was an 11-pointer. No improving stags were killed and few were seen.

Mr. C. Williams got sixty stags on Glenquoich and twenty-eight on part of Cluanie. The latter forest was shot lightly to meet the severe losses of April, 1919. Deer were in very fine condition, the improvement on last year being noticeable, due, no doubt, to the mild April and early grass feed. Three or four stags of over 18st. were killed, and four or five of over 17st. The heaviest was a 9-pointer with long rough horns which scaled 20st. 1lb. clean. The horns were 34ins. in length, with an outside spread of 38ins. One really good royal was killed, said to be about the best head since the time of the late Lord Burton.

At Monar Major Stirling devoted the season entirely to the killing of trash, only old stags being killed when possible. Forty-one stags were shot, the heaviest being 17st. 12lb. Stags cleaned early and were very fat. Roars were heard on September 17th, but no general early movement was noticeable, and stags kept their condition well up to October 9th. Many promising young stags were seen and these, without exception, were spared.

At Wyvis there is nothing of exceptional interest to report. One stag was killed with a span exceeding 31ins., and a good many promising young stags were seen and spared. Weights, on the whole, were good.

At Knoydart the season was an average one. Eighty stags were killed, average weight 15st. clean. The average head was massive and good, but nothing exceptional was killed.

At Glenfinnan and Glenaladale Colonel Swan suffered from bad winds and mist, and only thirty-six stags were killed with an average weight of 14st. 6lb. clean. The heaviest stag killed was 18st. 1lb., and the total included one royal and seven 10-pointers.

At Meoble and Letter Morar Sir Berkeley Sheffield killed fifty-two stags with an average weight of 13st. 12lb. clean.

At Mamore Mr. Frank Bibby got 108 stags, averaging 14st. 2lb. clean, including one royal, five 11-pointers and thirteen 10-pointers.

At Achnacarry stags were clear of velvet about a fortnight earlier than in 1919, and the same remark applies to the rut, and though deer were not up to their usual weight, their condition was good. Seventy-nine stags were killed, and there is a good stock of fine young stags.

At Achdalu twenty-six stags were killed, the weights being better than in 1919. The heaviest stag weighed 19st. 1lb., with a strong head of eleven points.

At Glenkingie Mr. Denny killed twenty-seven stags, his tenancy expiring at the end of September, Lochiel killing another sixteen before the season closed. Stags were in good condition, several weighing over 17st. One exceptionally good royal was seen but not killed.

At Killiechonate few stags were clean before September 2nd. The rut was late, but about a week earlier than last year. Forty-five stags were killed with an average weight of 14st. 11lb., the heaviest stag being 20st. Two good royals and a good 10-pointer were killed, and heads were better than in 1919.

At Ilverloch the Hon. R. Devereux got fifteen stags averaging about 15st. clean with some nice heads.

At Arisaig (partly fenced) General Sir F. J. Laycock got twenty-one stags and four fallow buck. Stalking at the close of the season was hampered by bad weather. A good 11-pointer, a royal and an 11-pointer killed by Mr. W. Rolls (of which an illustration is included) were the best heads killed. It weighed 18st. 6lb. clean.

At Abernethy Mr. Holt got thirty-two stags, weights and heads being moderate. The 8-pointer already mentioned was certainly the best head, though a moderate royal was killed by Miss Holt. The prevailing south wind was largely responsible for the numbers killed not being greater. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that many hosts suffered from lack of rifles at the end of the stalking season owing to the coal strike.

Of Ardverikie and Ben Alder Sir John Ramsden has kindly sent me full particulars. A severe winter was



PORTCLAIR.

universal and on October 12th stalking ceased. (This arrested development of the rut was a condition which was noticed in other forests and may have been due to the mild weather which prevailed during the latter part of September and October.) It was probably owing to this circumstance that few exceptional heads were got. Stags remained on the high ground in big lots: the best stags were difficult to approach and this condition of affairs lasted till within ten days of the close of the season. One hundred and thirteen stags were killed, the average weight being 15st. 12lb., and the heaviest stag, 18st. 2lb. Thirty-two stags were 10-pointers or better, three were royals or better, one being a 14-pointer, killed by Mr. Geoffrey Ramsden. Two stags with a span exceeding 32ins. were shot.

At Glendessary, formerly included with Achnacarry, Lord Belper killed twenty-five stags, averaging 15st. 8lb. clean, including a very fine royal which has many claims to be considered the best head of the season.

At Achnacarry seventy stags were killed.

In the Aberdeenshire forests stalking was very much hampered at the close of the season by thick mist. I have not heard of any exceptional heads being killed in this part of Scotland.

At Dibiedale and Kildermorie Mr. Dyson Perrins killed eighty-nine stags, but heads, on the whole, were disappointing, though weights, as in most cases, were above the average. As a general rule the horns were of better quality and more symmetrical than usual. Stags were unusually early and one was stalked on September 13th, which was roaring and had collected hinds.

At Deanich Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne and Mr. Banks got thirty-one stags, the ground being much affected by sheep on neighbouring forests. The average weight was about 15st. Sir Berkeley killed the heaviest stag ever got in the forest, weighing 22st. 3lb. clean, with a poor head. On being skinned a charge of shot was found in his chest and shoulder, probably the parting gift of a revengeful crofter!

At Patt Colonel Haig killed twenty-five stags, including two good royals weighing respectively 18st. and 18st. 7lb. The average weight was about 16st. and deer were in very good condition.

On Killilan, Glomach and part of Patt Mr. Wills secured forty-seven stags, the heaviest being 17st. 6lb., and the average weight 14st. 6lb. These included three of eleven points, four of ten, seven of nine, nine of eight, five of seven, eight of six, seven of five, two of four, one of three and one malformed, one of

whose horns carried six points on one side and a spike on the other. The gentleman who shot him is not likely to forget his strenuous end! Only bad heads were killed, old stags being selected as far as was possible. Stags remained in the sanctuary until late in the season and stalking ended on October 12th.

At Ilverinate Colonel Campbell killed seventeen stags, the best being a heavy horned 6-pointer scaling 16st. 1lb. Deer were in good condition.

At Benula (South), Mr. Soames and Mr. Thompson killed their limit of twenty-five stags, averaging 15st. 2lb. The best heads, two nice 10-pointers, were killed by Mr. Soames on the same day.

On Benula (North), Colonel Long killed fourteen averaging 15st. 2lb., and at Cozac, thirty-four, with the fine average weight of 16st. 5lb. The best head was a good 13-pointer, killed on North Benula.



LEDGOWAN.

At Strathconon Captain Combe killed 118 stags (not 1,188 as was stated in one paper), including two 13-pointers and eight royals. The heaviest stag was 19st. Deer were in very good condition, and though nothing exceptional was killed, the average thickness and roughness of horn was never better. Bad winds were a serious handicap to stalking.

At Ilvergarry Mr. Wythes got forty-one stags, the average weight being 14st. 11lb., and the heaviest, an 11-pointer, 16st. 2lb. Deer were very late owing to the mild weather, and stalking ceased on October 9th.

At Glendoll, Mr. Sydney Loder killed thirty-nine stags, the average weight being 14½st. No heavy stags were killed and no head of any particular merit.

At Gaick, Mr. Hargreaves got sixty-three stags, stalking ending on October 9th. No good heads were seen, all the old stags having left the ground owing to sheep. The season was an early one, good stags being clean by August 10th—an unusually early date.

At Sandside, Mr. Pilkington only killed twenty-six stags, including two 14-pointers, a 13-pointer and a royal, averaging from 19st. to 17st. The remaining twenty-three averaged just over 14st., being mostly stags which were shot to improve the remaining stock. Deer were very early and there are some promising young stags coming on.

At Torridon stalking ended early, Sir James Buchanan leaving on September 16th. Owing to the dry and mild season the deer remained on the tops very late. The ground is so steep that the horns of stags killed high up are often smashed, and this fact also interfered with the number killed. Twenty-eight stags were shot, the heaviest, an 8-pointer, scaling 18st. 7lb.; a thick 7-pointer weighed 17st.; two stags were respectively 16st., the average weight being 13st. 9lb. Deer were not up to their usual condition, and heads were poor.

At Corrimony, Captain Tate killed eighteen stags, averaging 15st. 2lb., the heaviest being 17st. 8lb., and the best head a nice 8-pointer with a horn of 33½ins., shot by a lady.

At Dalnacardoch Mr. Barclay got his limit of forty-five, the heaviest stag being 17st. No good heads were killed.

On Fannich and Cabiuc (part of the old Loch Rosque) Mr. Watney shot seventy-three stags.

At Kinlochewe, Mr. Hickman got seventy-three stags; at Braemore, Lord Peel got forty-seven stags; at Strathbran, Mr. Lees-Milne got twenty-four, including one royal, with an average weight of 13st. 11lb.

At Corriehallie Captain Williams got twenty-eight stags, and on Glenshero and Sherramore Sir George Cooper got fifty stags, averaging 15st. 4lb. The heads included a 13-pointer and six royals.

At Kingairloch Colonel Strutt got forty-five stags, including a royal.

At Balmacaan forty stags were killed, including a royal and a nice 10-pointer. Mrs. Bradley Martin's sudden death, only a few weeks after she had left the Highlands for the last time,

brings to an end an association with Glen Urquhart which had extended over thirty-eight years.

I am informed that no information can be supplied with regard to Lord Lovat's estates.

At Glencarron Mr. Dickinson got thirty-five stags, including a 14-pointer, one 11-pointer and nine 10-pointers. The horns, as a rule, were rough, but the heads small and poor, the brows in particular being weak. It is rather curious that in a year when the lower points, in particular, were noticeably poor, one or two heads with quite exceptional brows, even for a good year, should have been killed in widely separated forests. The average weight of the stags killed at Glencarron was between 14½st. and 15st.

At Kinveachy the sport was not good. The stalking during the past few years has deteriorated, a fact which is attributed to sheep, the intrusion of shepherds and dogs, and failure to renew sheep fences.

With regard to the Islands there is not a great deal to say. In North Harris, Sir Samuel Scott obtained 128 stags with an average weight of 12st. 10lb.—above a normal year. The heaviest beast was 14st. 8lb., and no heads of special interest were killed. Deer were much earlier than in 1919, and weights throughout were good.

Major Anstruther Gray got two 13-pointers and a royal at Langass, and Captain D. Abel Smith a fine 11-pointer weighing 15st. 10lb. The best 13-pointer weighed 18st. and the royal 17st. Deer were very late, the first stag being killed on September 2nd. In many cases the bay points were absent or not well developed.

In conclusion, I must thank Messrs. MacLeay of Inverness for much help in preparing this article; also Mr. Macpherson and Messrs. Spicer, to whom I am indebted for the measurements of the Glenquoich head. My best thanks are due in particular to all those who have sent me reports—in many cases very full ones—of their season's sport. I trust they will forgive any apparent lack of courtesy at failure to acknowledge them. I am none the less grateful for their help, without which this article would be impossible.

Locality	Pts.	Lgth.	Beam	Span	Owner	Remarks
Arisaig ..	5 ÷ 6	35½	4½	24½	W. Rolls ..	Misses bays.
Glenquoich ..	6 ÷ 6	33½	4½	31½	C. Williams ..	I have not seen this head.
Portclair, Glen Moriston.	5 ÷ 5	33½	5	27½	Capt. P. Grant	A fine symmetrical head, misses bays, good horn.
Glendessary ..	6 ÷ 6	32½	5½	25½	Lord Belper ..	A very good head with thick rough horns, 14ins.
Ledgowan ..	6 ÷ 5	32½	5	28½	H. G. Barclay	K. top palmated, misses bays, good horn.
ISLAND HEAD.						
Langass ..	6 ÷ 7	32½	4	24	Maj. Anstruther Gray ..	Misses right bay.

THE GREY ATLANTIC SEAL

BY SETON GORDON.

ONLY in November and December, late in one month or early in the other, is it possible to photograph the grey seal, and the excursion, of which the pictures here shown are the fruit, was taken late in November. The grey or Atlantic seal, is nowhere numerous and, as its name indicates, frequents mainly the Atlantic seaboard. It is an ocean seal, rarely approaching the haunts of the brown seal in the quiet sea lochs of Scotland and breeding on wild and rarely accessible islands off the Hebrides. Curiously enough, the two species of seals breed at quite different seasons. The common seal produces her young in May and June, the Atlantic seal in October and early November.

A certain group of islands—which it may be as well to keep nameless—lying west of the Inner Hebrides is a favourite breeding ground



VERY ANGRY.

of the grey seal. The days, in late autumn, are few and far between when the islands may be reached in a small boat, but at length there came a morning when the Atlantic swell was scarcely perceptible and when the wind was favourable to reach the islands. Even the mainland opposite the island group is wild and inhospitable. The boat has to be launched into a narrow channel scarcely broader than

herself, and if any swell is present the launching is a precarious business. . . . A six-mile sail brought us to the nearest of the islands, and about a mile ahead of us and lying on some rocks just above the tide we could see numbers of grey seals. As we approached, the seals, one by one, scrambled clumsily along the rocks and threw themselves into the sea with prodigious splashing. Soon the water around us was alive with large heads which gazed enquiringly at us. One of the seals remained—it was not full grown and was about a year old. By careful stalking and much slithering about among the wet seaweed I succeeded in approaching to within fifteen feet of this isolated seal. He was most suspicious, however, constantly raising himself, as I approached, on his front flippers and craning his neck in his efforts to obtain a clear view of the strange object nearing him. On each of these occasions I had to throw myself hurriedly down on to the seaweed and at length was able to get almost directly under the animal—he was lying on a rock rising a number of feet above the sea. The difficulty was now to raise the camera sufficiently to secure a photograph without unduly alarming him. Inch by inch I raised it cautiously, and just as I pressed

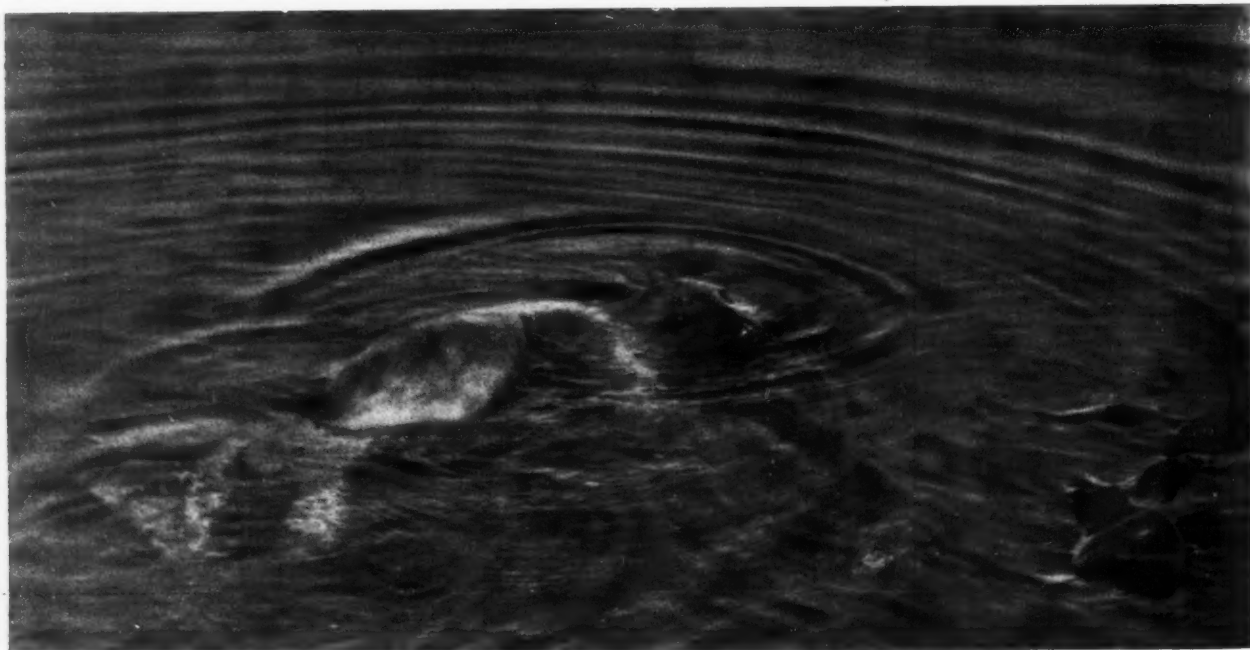


CONTEMPLATING A DIVE.

the shutter the seal sprang off the rock and dived with incredible speed into the sea beneath. But his curiosity got the better of his alarm, and as I stood quietly he came to the surface only a few yards away. A hurried glance, and he again disappeared in a swirl of water, to reappear a minute later with another member of his tribe. At times they could be seen swimming beneath the water's sur-

face like giant fish. At the opposite side of the island was a young grey seal about a week old. He was well up on the rocks—the grey seal does not voluntarily take to the water until he is a month to six weeks old—and moaned feebly when approached. When first born the young grey seal is pure white, the coat being smooth and silky. In a few days it becomes cream-coloured and woolly. At the end of a week it is dull yellow, and blotched on the nape with pale grey. A month to six weeks after birth the first coat is shed and a dappled one assumed. Some of the accompanying photographs show the extraordinary positions the baby seal assumed as it moved slowly about the rocks.

Meanwhile on an adjoining island two or three young grey seals were seen, and after a stiff pull across the channel in a strong and freshening breeze the boat was grounded near them. One of the seals was very close to the water's edge, and the rapidly flowing tide soon covered him sufficiently for him to swim out a few yards from the shore. Here, protected by the floating seaweed from the rough water, the small seal floated near the surface, occasionally submerging his head. Ostrich-like, he evidently thought that once his head was well beneath



A YOUNGSTER TAKING HIS FIRST SWIM.

the surface he was invisible to the world! This young seal was at least a month old. About a dozen yards above the water was another young seal, perhaps of the age of three weeks. He was extraordinarily fat and was extremely annoyed when disturbed, uttering moaning cries and snapping fiercely when approached too near.

From anger or excitement his eyes began to water to such an extent that the "tears" dropped quite frequently to the ground! After a while he appeared to make up his mind rapidly; straight for the water he scrambled and, unlike most young seals, which remain near the shore during their early months, swam powerfully straight out to sea.

Two more young seals were seen on this island. One was of a very tender age—a few days old at most—and incapable of moving. In the water near his mother watched us anxiously. The other was perhaps six weeks of age. He was floating in a small pool when first seen. A stem of seaweed of the



WELL NOURISHED AND CONTENTED.

Laminarian order held near to his head roused him to a frenzy of passion. Seizing the stem he shook it violently beneath the water, the marks of the powerful teeth showing clearly when the stem was released.

It had originally been intended to sail on to a more outlying island where the majority of the grey seals breed, but the wind

was too strong, and with the flood tide a swell began to roll in from the south-west, betokening unsettled weather in the Atlantic. As we hoisted the sail for the return journey the sea was rough and confused, strong tides and eddies raising the white-tipped waves so that even with two reefs in we were constantly drenched with the spray. In the teeth of the breeze buzzards soared and redwings passed on their south migration. It was dusk when we landed, and the full moon, rising from behind the high hills to the eastward, shed her light on the Atlantic so that each wave was silver-tipped and the wild and rugged shore bathed in a soft and mellow light.

"THE PLEASURE OF PRINCES: COCK-FIGHTING PAST AND PRESENT"

BY CONSTANCE HOLME.

[We congratulate Miss Constance Holme on the fact, announced last week, that she had been selected as one of the three novelists from whom the winner of the prize offered by *Femina* and *La Vie Heureuse*, for the best recent work of literature in English, is to be chosen.—Ed.]

THE sale of what is probably the last of the London cock-pits—that in Theobald's Road, Bloomsbury, distinguished by the fact that it remains practically as it was in cocking days, and also because it is said to have been attended by Queen Elizabeth—sets one wondering how far present-day folk realise the importance of this ancient sport, which, though dead in the eyes of the law for the past seventy years, still continues, if lamely, to "carry on." Whatever shock it may be to our sensitive modern souls, the truth persists that no sport has ever gone so deep or lasted so long with the British nation. No student of national psychology, indeed, can afford to ignore it. The best we can do, therefore, is to face the fact as stolidly as we may, and to bolster up our self-respect by divining the few threads of gold which go winding themselves along this somewhat sordid historical chain.

Cocking is as old as—well, as old as old. The sedate authority of the "Standard Cyclopedia of Modern Agriculture" (too respectable to mention it under C, but tucking it tactfully under G—Game) admits that it was a recognised sport in these islands for nearly two thousand years. Prohibited time and again—though, until Queen Victoria's reign, always from practical reasons, never from humane—nothing has ever killed it, and perhaps nothing ever will. This vitality is probably due to the fact that it is primarily a poor man's game—the poor man who cannot look at a racehorse, but can easily keep a cock. It is a curious point that the title, "The Pleasure of Princes," should have been bestowed upon an amusement which is essentially of the people. Kings have revelled in it, of course (queens, too, if the tale about Elizabeth is true), and the great mains of history have generally been engineered by the holders of famous names. But even on these occasions public imagination often gave precedence to the "feeder," the man of the people, even to reporting his name in matches instead of the owner's. When all is said about the great patrons and the many

gentry who have supported the game, cocking remains the sport of the *hoi polloi*, and it is the *hoi polloi* who, by sheer weight of numbers—and lack of cash—have kept it so long alive.

Not, indeed, that lack of cash has ever seemed to distinguish this "poor man's" sport, for the amount of money that has always changed hands over cocking (and still changes) is simply amazing. Matches have been made in the past for as much as a thousand pounds a battle, with five thousand the main, and though these sums would be put up either by syndicates or rich owners, it is said that by far the greater amounts were squandered in private betting. Pepys exclaims in his Diary at men, apparently short of actual food, affording to lose as much as ten or twenty pounds at a single meeting. These people, of course, would be largely those who, through all the ages, merely stand at the side of a ring and lay odds on others. The cocker proper would be "warmer" than that. Mostly he would breed his own birds, for buying would be a serious proposition when really good stuff cost anything up to fifty pounds, as, for the matter of that (see Royal Show Catalogue), it does to-day. But many people would be able to keep a cock, even though the training diet was chiefly a mixture of eggs and the finest flour. Even the large "shake-bag," so beloved of the Dutch, would be less expensive to keep than his rival the horse!

For most of us the word "cock-fighting" takes us back to the time of the Georges, stopping at 1830 at the very latest. Generally our imagination halts about 1759, the date of Hogarth's picture of the Royal Cock-pit, Westminster, with Lord Albemarle Bertie, the blind cocker—symbolical, perhaps, of this game in which blindness and death are the two forfeits, as well as of the spiritual blindness of its promoters—as the central figure. But the days of Hogarth are far, and the days of cocking are near, and the fact that they seem remote proves how great is the gap which has yawned recently between still-living generations. Within the last fifty years—long after the Act of 1849—mains

were still held in country-houses as after-dinner amusement for guests. And nearer than that, as I have said. . . . The game is still at our very door.

The days of its glory, indeed—if glory it can be called—are long departed. No more do kings raise monuments and write epitaphs to their favourite birds, hang out embroidered ensigns and play their heroes into the pit—patrons order their portraits and carry them in procession, or hire men to remove stones that might joggle them on the road. Silver spurs and velvet and crested cock-bags are curiosities to be sold at Christie's. Church bells are no longer rung for victories, nor do cocking reports in the papers take pride of place. Most significant of all, the clause requiring a tenant to "walk" a bird at the landlord's pleasure has crept out of the tenant's lease.

Yet still the thing goes deep and far afield, in our language, our geography, deep into our very blood. Half the terms that we use connected with courage and its opposite may be traced to the pit, and all over the country names beginning with "cock" are as commonplace to us as our own. From my window I can see the old "Cockpit Hill" on the edge of the churchyard—churchyards, indeed, and even churches, having often been used for mains. And still here and there the birds "get together sometimes," as the breeders of Old English gamecocks discreetly put it when questioned. Mains are still arranged for as much as £100 aside, and the dawn comes up in some hidden place on the matching of Duckwings and Black Reds. (Theoretically hidden, that is, for rumour accuses even the police of this guilty passion, even to Chief Constables and detectives from Scotland Yard!) Still the "feeder" and the "pit-man"—the latter combining the ancient functions of judge, umpire and "setter-to"—are professionals before whom to bow. Still they "tell the law." Still the old rules hold good that have been laid down for hundreds of years, and the heeled birds take the sod as eagerly as of yore.

Even the fact that the game has been made illegal seems to have escaped some ardent sportsmen's minds. I remember remarking upon it to an accidental ostler whom I found at a lone inn, only to have it indignantly refuted. He was not an old man, by any means (at least twenty years younger than the Act), but he was a dull conversationalist until cocking was mentioned. Then he brightened as if by magic, and, by way of an instance of the fighting-cock's strength, described seeing one strike a walking-stick at the ring-side, breaking it clean in half.

Not a game to be proud of, says the N.S.P.C.A. No, perhaps not. Apart from the unimaginative callousness of the sport, cocking is associated in our minds with noise and disorder, extravagance, low company and bad taste. But there are things to be said for it, nevertheless. Behind the insensitiveness that could set a bird on fire to prove its courage, and that habitually set a blind or broken-legged bird back again to the fight, there was always the saving acknowledgment of the marvel of sheer pluck. The Shrove Tuesday cockings in schools were, as Sir Walter Gilbey says, a useful object-lesson in days when fighting was daily work. We are always told that our national characteristic is a worship of courage, and perhaps this is where it was bred. In any case, it is not going too far to say that the fighting-cock has helped to teach the nation how to die.

It is impossible, either, to read the old cocking-rules (carefully reconstituted from time to time) without remarking their expressed determination to maintain law and order and a general basis of fair dealing. There is even a benevolent turn about the allotment of fines which reads quaintly to us to-day, dividing the "forfeitures" between the poor of the parish and "such Feeders and Ancient Breeders of Cocks as are or shall be decayed." As for the steel "gaffles" (always the great point at issue), the cocker himself will maintain that they are in reality merciful. Armed with natural spurs alone, the cocks might fight for hours, mutilating each other without either succumbing. Silver spurs (which gave *cachet* to the Cock-pit Royal) sound much less obnoxious, but were really the opposite, as they were adopted merely to prolong the battle. The date of the introduction of spurs, by the way, seems almost as vexed a point as the spurs themselves, Sir Walter Gilbey putting them as late as the reign of William III, whereas Laurence Gomme, in his "Manners and Customs of England," speaks of them as having been mentioned in an Anglo-Saxon synod, and says also that they were sometimes made of brass.

After all, granted that a fighting-cock *must* fight, it is probably true, as Sir John Astley puts it in his Memoirs, that the cock, if it could be given the choice, would prefer a fighting death to the cook's knife! Sir John himself was too given over to other sports to pay much attention to cocking, but he adds an amusing account of a police raid to the numerous cocking stories in existence. These, with their police-deluding by means of window-boarded cabs, mock funeral processions with the birds

in the hearse, etc., are too well known to be quoted here, but I may mention one at least that has come to my private knowledge. This describes an occasion when a member of a noted cocking family, driving his birds through a town and discovering with horror that they were beginning to crow, had the presence of mind to pull up close to the band of a Salvation Army, which was making a similar noise without embarrassment by the law.

The cock himself, however, is always the 'cocker's greatest justification, with his courage, his quickness, his strength and his trained skill. Nobody who has held a fighting-bird in his hands, and observed its air of patient, intelligent expectation, but must have felt a sneaking sympathy with the cause for which it was bred. It is almost beyond nature to have such a perfect fighting-machine at hand and not wish to test it! And that the serious cockers dwelt so much upon character in their cocks shows that they were not out for brutality alone. The Bulldog Breed (the Old Duckwing) which stood steadily up to its foe was more thought of than the hurricane rusher or the artful dodger. Even at home the birds were studied from a character point of view on the ordinary lines of human nature. The cockerel that crowed too early was not expected to give much sport. The cock that bullied his hens was doubted to be a coward.

Lastly, cocking, being a game in which all classes were able to mix (and in spite of the fact that cock-pits were often regarded as harbours of treason), may, together with other sports, be one of the causes why England has suffered so little from revolution. There is no bond like that of a game played together. Keep a nation busy, they say, and it won't have time to get into mischief, and, judging from cocking records, it kept it as busy as the proverbial bee. The great sporting lords, whose lives seem to us so immeasurably wasted, were yet of service to England in this matter. They did keep her interested and amused. History, at least, insists upon cocking as our national sport, and it is foolish to be ashamed of it. Who knows how far the ancient example of the fighting-cock helped to harden the fibre of England's sons on the fields of France?

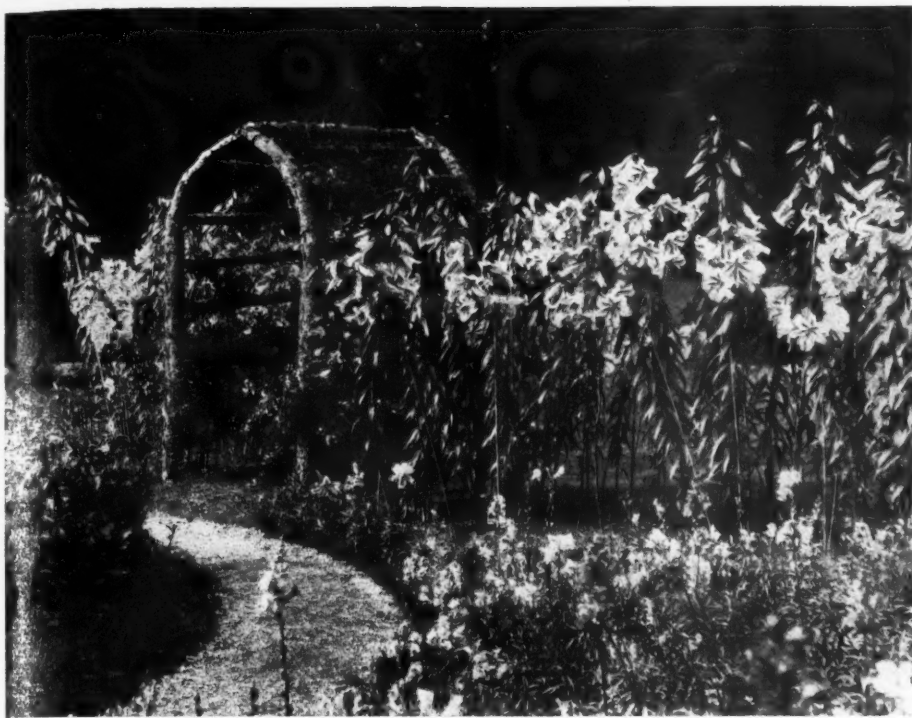
IN THE GARDEN

A GARDEN OF LILIES.

YOUR article on "Lilies for Autumn Planting" must have turned the attention of many readers of COUNTRY LIFE to those lovely flowers. These pictures, illustrating a striking group of *Lilium auratum* in the gardens of Ormidale, Brodick, Arran, the summer residence of Mr. Claude Lemon, show some which reach seven feet in height, and have anything to twenty flowers on a spike. The flowers themselves measure about eight inches



AURATUM LILIES SEVEN FEET HIGH.



THE BULBS WERE FIRST PLANTED THIRTY YEARS AGO.

across. The remarkable feature is that it is over thirty years ago since the bulbs were first planted. Ever since then they have been carefully lifted, divided and re-planted about every second year, and no protection whatever has been given during the winter months.

In dividing the bulbs, the offsets are carefully separated from the old parent and any spent bulbs thrown away. The finest bulbs are then planted in the centre of the bed,

either in winter or summer. The soil is a sandy loam, mingled with substances usually present in carboniferous strata, and is well drained, though retentive. Arran is famous for potatoes, and many notable varieties have been introduced here, but it is none the less remarkable that lilies such as these should flourish, and that nothing approaching them in size or profusion can be found anywhere round about.

E. W. T.

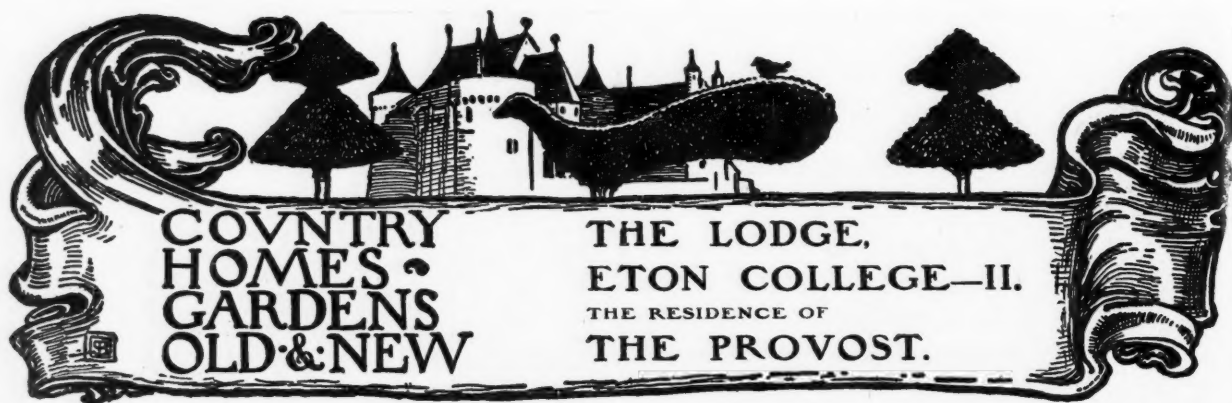
and the smaller ones form the border. Even the very young bulblets bear flowers. Some are to be seen flowering with a growth of only two feet from the ground. The first year following replanting, after the soil has been enriched by fresh leaf-mould and turf, the flowers are particularly large, but somewhat fewer in number. These illustrations depict the second year's growth, when the spikes are weighed down with a multitude of blooms.

The situation of the garden is rather exceptional. It slopes down towards the north, where Brodick Bay stretches out and Goatfell towers aloft in the distance. To the east it is sheltered by the house, but is open to the sun from the south-east to the south-west. Tall larch and firs border the western slopes and mingle their fragrance with the exquisite perfume of the flowers.

The climate is mild and rainy, and there are no very great extremes of temperature



LILIUM AURATUM AT BRODICK, ARRAN



THE Lodge, as was explained in the previous article, has been the official residence of the Provosts continuously for some 450 years. The College at various times since the foundation appears to have housed pilgrims and rendered hospitality to guests of the most diverse character. It is on record that about the year 1560 De Faix, the French Ambassador, was placed in restraint at

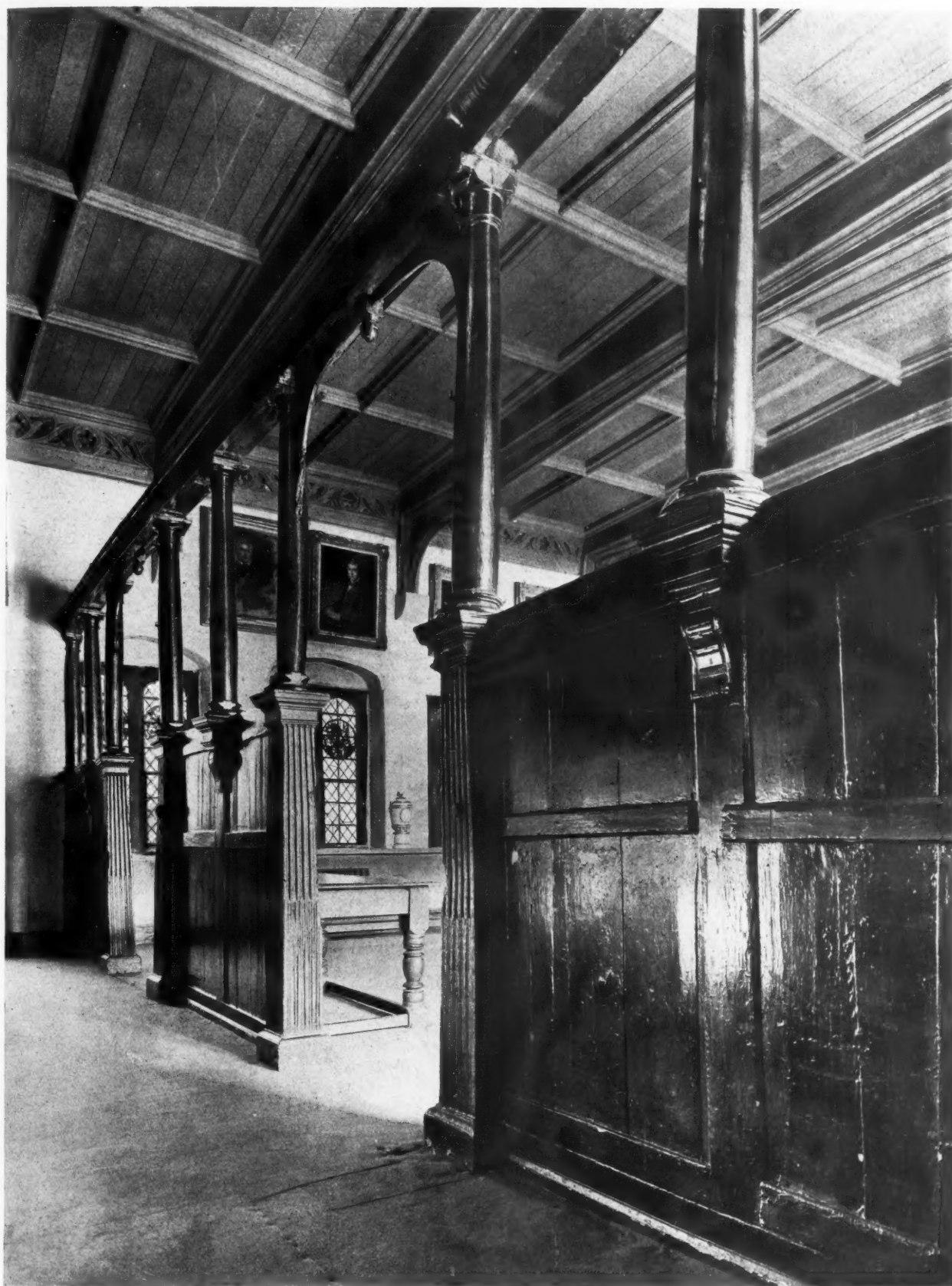
the Lodge in retaliation for his Royal master's ill-treatment of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and that in 1577 and 1586 respectively the Marquis of Havre, Ambassador of the States General, and Don Antonio, Pretender to the Portuguese throne, were lodged at Eton. It may with some reason be surmised that the scene of these hospitalities was the suite south of Lupton's Tower, because after Sir Thomas Smith's appointment



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1.—SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF CLOISTERS.
From left to right: Library, Lupton's Tower, Election Hall.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—WITHIN THE SCREENS, ELECTION HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—PARLOUR STAIRS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



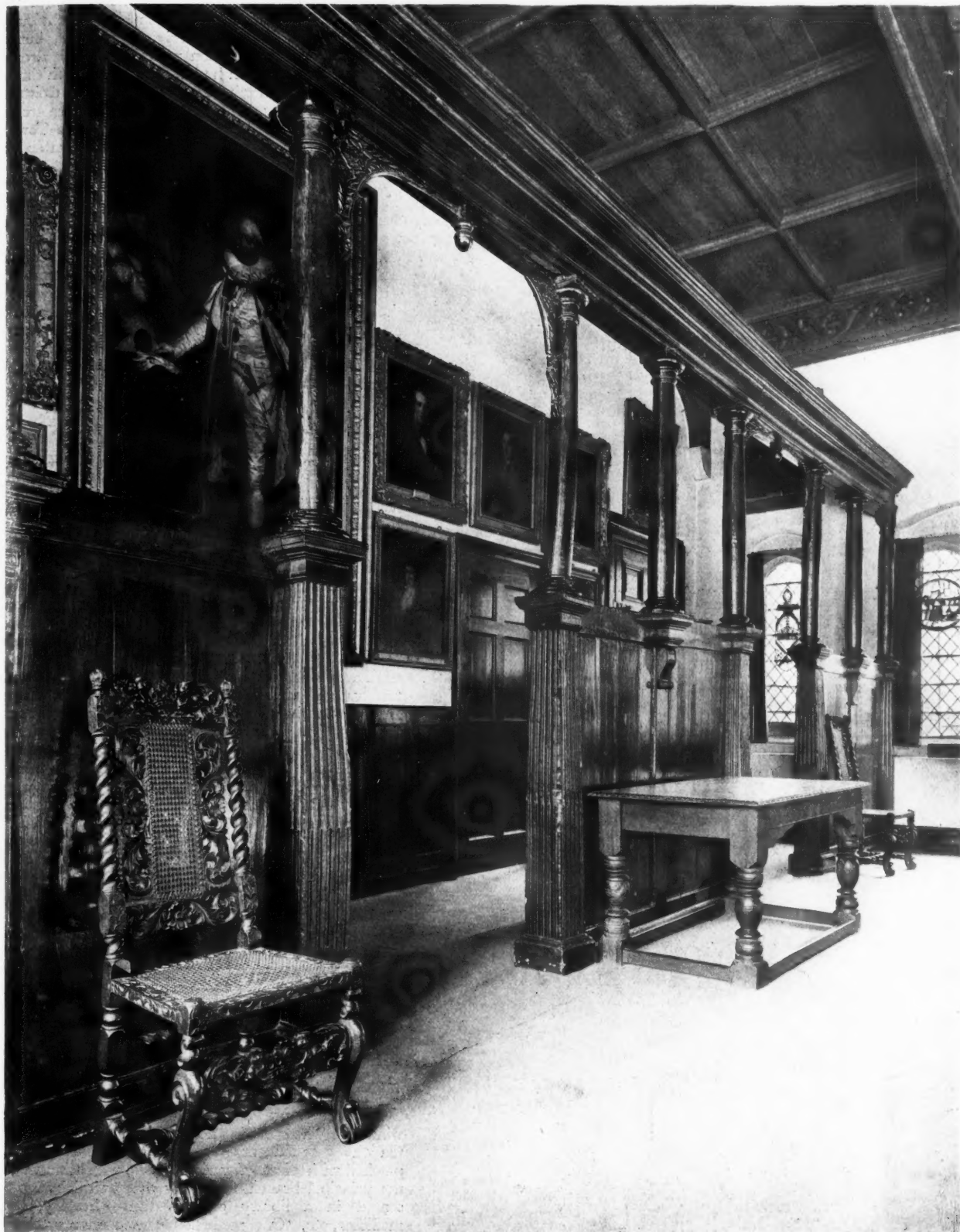
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4.—ELECTION HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the centre of the house would have shifted to the north-west corner of the cloisters, near his new kitchen in the Scholars' Building. In these rooms of Lupton's there are to be seen, upon walls recently cleaned, signs and figures scratched at random, it has been conjectured, by the knife of some political prisoner, but as there are similar *graffiti* in Election Hall, it is perhaps simpler to suppose that the knife was in the hands

the Founder's work. Lupton's building extends in the other direction up to the north wall of Election Hall, the other side of which is clothed in the very fine panelling shown in Fig. 3. At the top of this wall is an original roof beam, with the characteristic hollow chamfer. It is possible that the lobby mentioned in the description of the Parlour also included the passage way (Fig. 3), and was lit by another pair of the original wooden



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5.—ELECTION HALL: THE SCREEN

"COUNTRY LIFE.

of a boy." A few boys did lodge with Provost Wotton and possibly with his successor. Richard Griffith apparently carved his name there in 1647, and the outlines of a shoe and prancing horse are incised with some skill upon the stonework.

It was stated that the doorway leading from this lodging to the college hall marks the boundary between Lupton's and

windows recently uncovered. What occurred at this point when the operations of 1513-20 were started it is difficult to trace with certainty. The building is spanned at the back of the Parlour south wall by three stone arches on piers, the crowns of which coincide with the Founder's roof timbers. This masonry is unmoulded, and seems only designed as an element of strength.



Copyright.

6.—GALLERY FROM PARLOUR.

"C.L."



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7.—MAIN STAIRCASE.

"C.L."

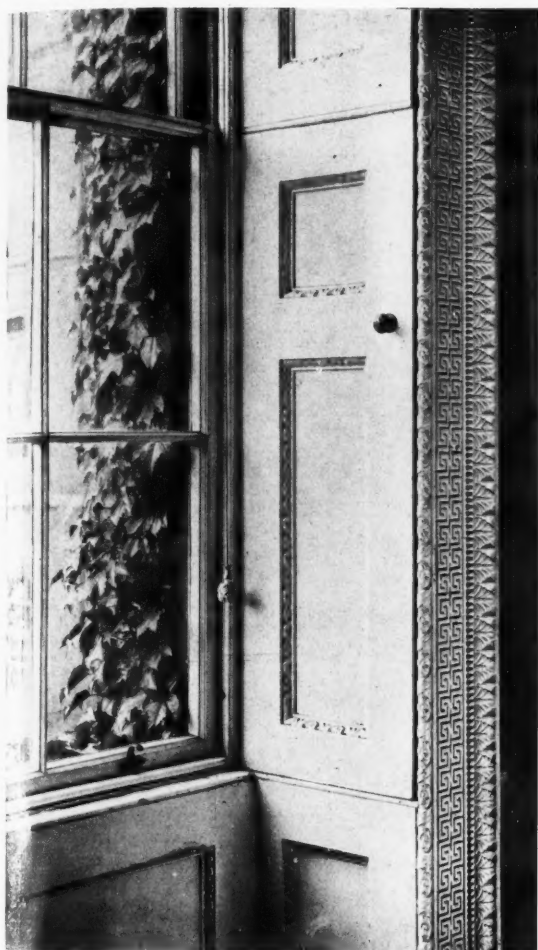
Lupton apparently removed the circular stairs leading to the north-west corner of the gallery in order to build a spacious ascent to his new rooms. At his second landing are oak posts and a lintel, which, except, perhaps, the handrails, are the only examples of his moulded woodwork remaining.

In 1515-16 the college records mention that certain workmen were employed in pulling down the western side of the quadrangle. The details of the windows and doors under Election Hall are obviously different from those of the original windows, but it seems probable that Lupton used foundations already laid, as the walls which he built are the same thickness as occurs on the north and east sides of the cloisters. There is, however, no doubt that the western arcade (Fig. 1) is original. The builders of Lupton's Tower, perhaps too scrupulously, left the two southern arches and placed upon them a burden to which after 400 years they have proved unequal. An arch in the Tower wall between Election Hall and chamber spanning the cloister passage created by its thrust a tendency for that corner of the tower to fall into the cloister court, and it became necessary to counter this and to relieve the two exhausted arches in 1910 by a buttress. "*Sic suffulta est turris*" is inscribed upon the new arch over the cloister passage. It should be recorded that when the foundations of this buttress were being made a wall one brick thick was found at about 8ft. from the arcade under the grass of the court. It is possible that there was an external walk bounded by some kind of curb resting on this wall which would have coincided with the edge of a bed of laurels not long ago removed. The arches on the north and east sides of the cloister are now filled by iron railings set in a coping which replaced the Founder's dwarf wall. The height of this wall and its mouldings are traceable on the pier at the bottom of Lupton's stair.

Provost Lupton's staircase, which lies to the right of the field covered by Fig. 1, has undergone two drastic changes which have twice caused the building to lean away from the main wall. It would have been a light structure to begin with, not needing much foundation, the lower part being of small red brick, with oak stairs covered by a panelled and fully windowed structure of the same wood. Some internal timbers, still visible, are suggestive of such a design. In pre-Victorian times brickwork was added and surmounted by plain posts supporting the roof. A coloured print of this shows no windows, and the wooden stairs being open to the weather would have been replaced by the present stone steps. Later on ordinary stock brick and cement moulded windows were carried to the existing height. The plaster which covered these three ages of brick was removed some years ago, revealing a pathetically squalid yet interesting building.

Breaking the orderly range of the Election Hall windows, a single-light arched opening catches the eye. It was, apparently, put in to light a chamber about 10ft. broad cut off from the Hall by Provost Goodall, who was a conchologist, and there kept his collection of shells. This room was removed in 1909 in order to give the Hall a fireplace and to restore it to its original plan. It was this operation that led to the discovery of the disruptive arch above mentioned, and of certain cracks in the upper rooms of the Tower.

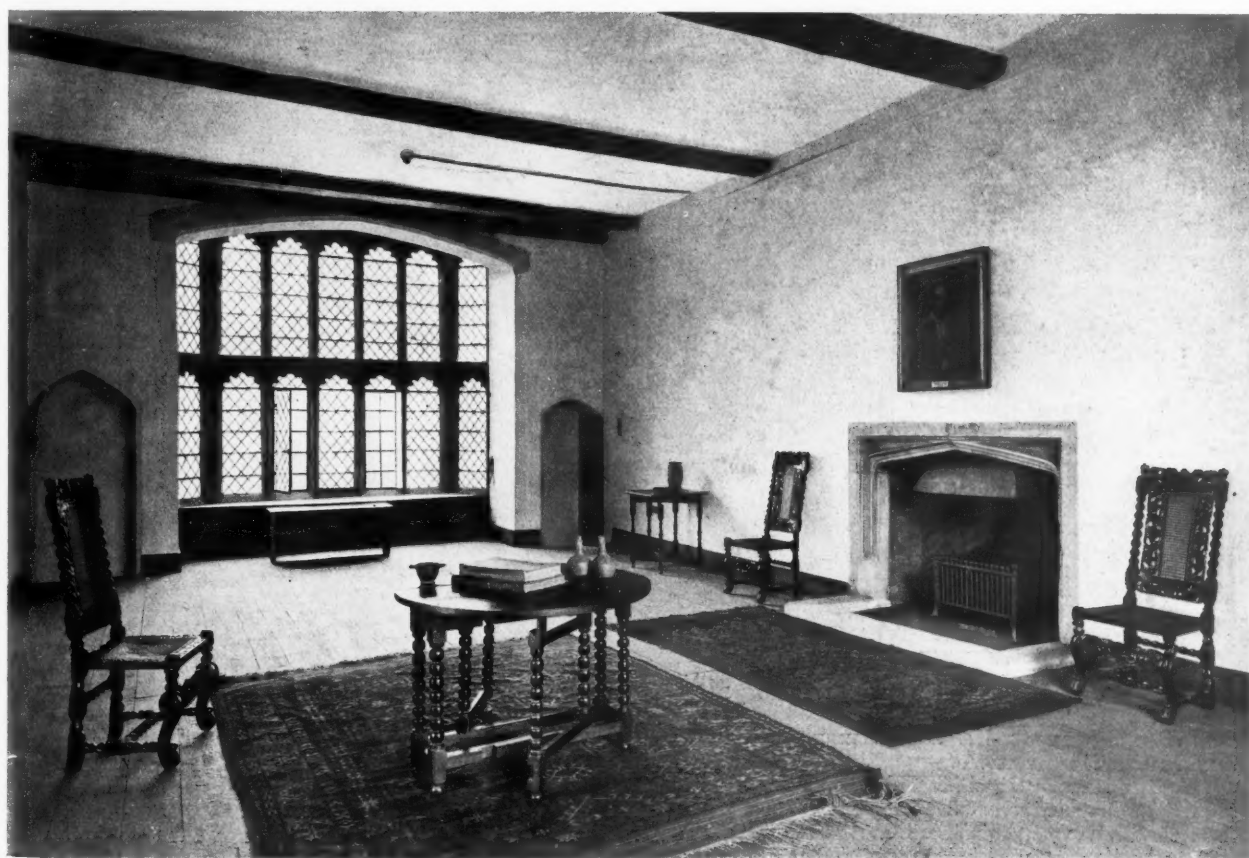
Election Hall is built in the form of a library, the bookcases projecting from the wall between each window. The glass in these windows is remarkable. On the east side are remains of medallions (much patched with glass of various dates) which illustrated the principal branches of study that would be represented in a library of this time—*theology, law, medicine, etc.* One medallion contains a representation of a man being pressed to death, almost the only one known. Most of those on the west side are armorial badges. The beam ends of the 1691 roof were, in 1910, found to be infected with dry rot fungus and were removed, together with the lower ceiling of the Shell Room. In the wall above this ceiling were found traces of the original roof, indicating a wooden ceiling 2ft. lower than the present one. There was also a small arched fireplace and a recess above it of simple design, the purpose of which is not clear. The spandrels of the existing main beams are carved.

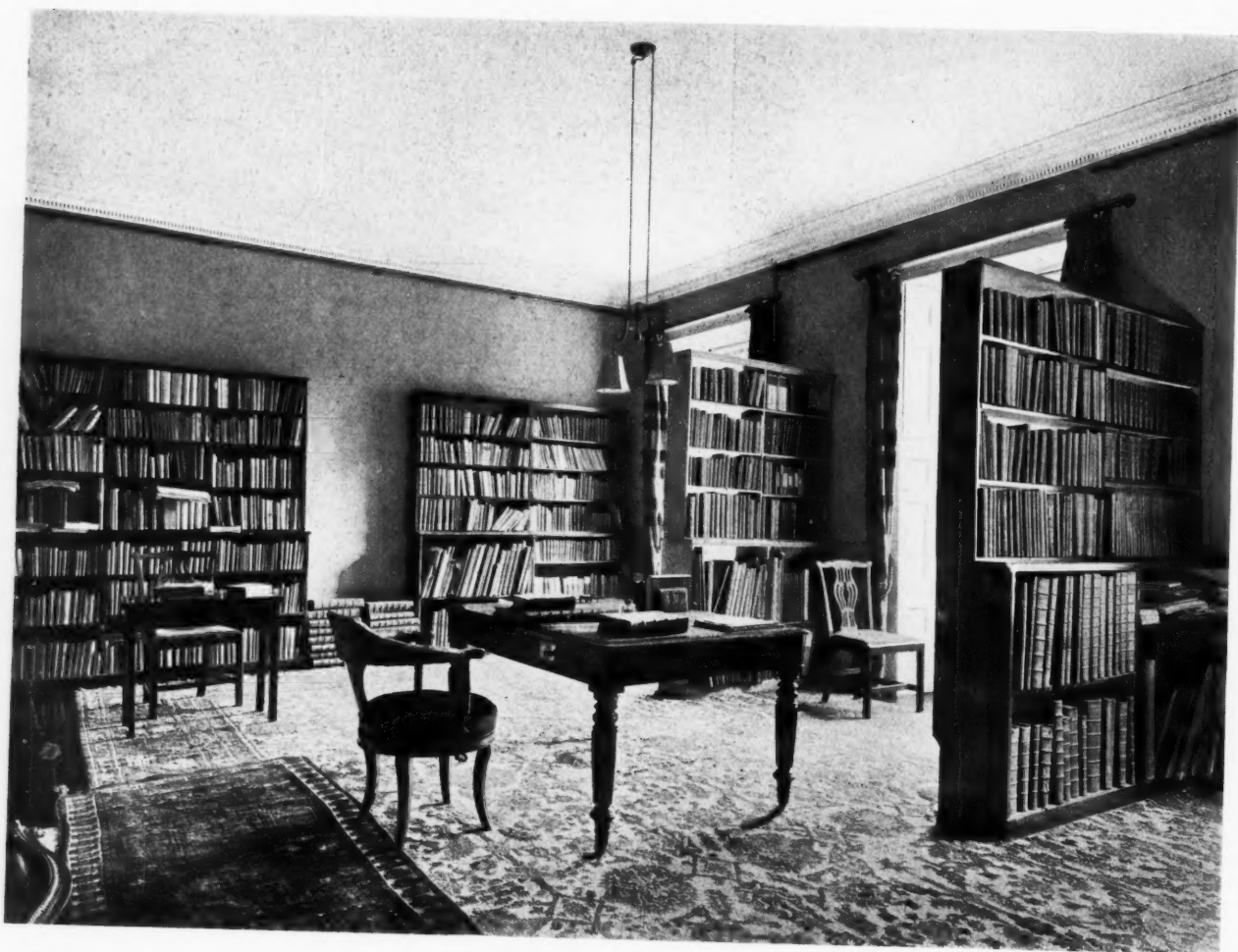


8.—WINDOW ARCHITRAVE AND SHUTTER
IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.



9.—WEST END OF SERVANTS' HALL.





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11.—INNER LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

12.—STUDY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Those on the west side were designed to carry Royal badges and arms, and on the east side the arms or the rebus of the contemporary provost. The screen (Figs. 2 and 5), the twisted pilasters and broken edges of which are pleasantly softened by many coats of paint, belongs probably to the period when the library became a dining hall, the victuals being served from behind it. This screen, though the main lines are classical, shows in the carved and arched members over the two openings a lingering sympathy for the Gothic. They are an important element in the design and lend it great distinction. The long tables and bench belong to the College. The longer one is a shovel-board. At the end of it a wooden trough and rail have been fixed, which bear the marks of quoits or metal discs. Upon the west end of the screen a rough piece of wood has been nailed, which is drilled as if to take small ivory or bone pegs for recording the score of the game.

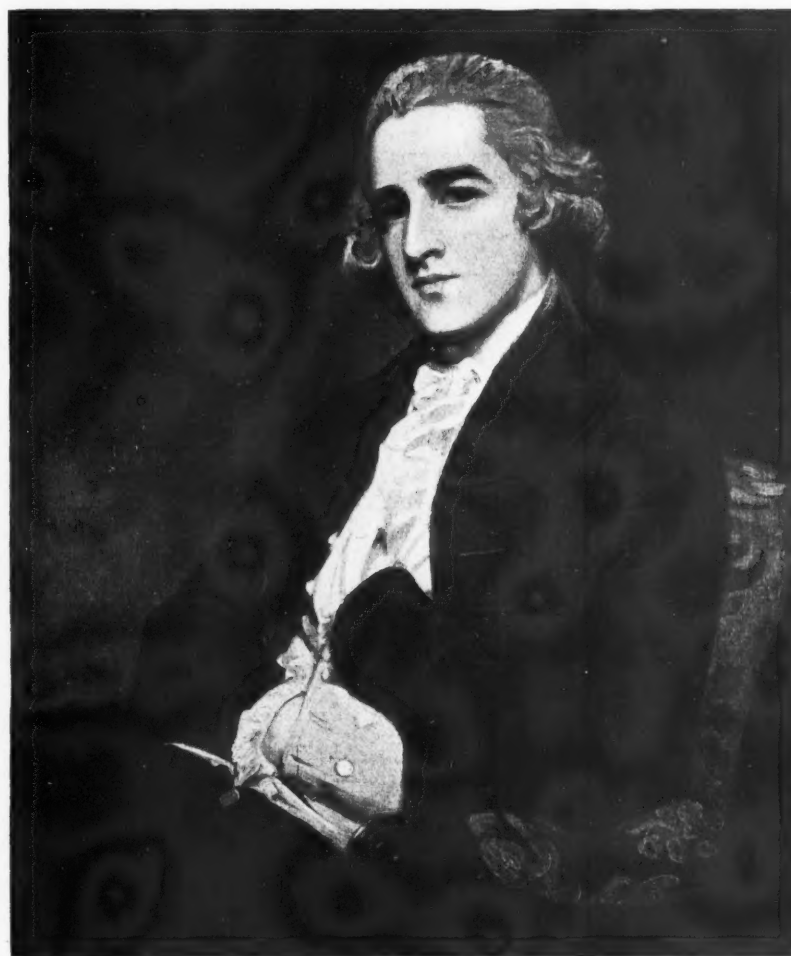
Through the door of the Parlour and through the twin wood windows the whole perspective of the north gallery can be seen (Fig. 6). Though the inner members of the Founder's windows are concealed by the panelling, the charm of this gallery is undeniable. Upon the well lit walls opposite hang an interesting collection of prints, which are not within the province of this article. This corridor must, before the corniced panels and coved ceiling were put in, have looked very lofty, though the substantial roof beams occurring at intervals would counteract the effect. At regular intervals there occur pairs of doorways. The doors and frames with foliated spandrels are original, and the key and handle plates, the latter of iron tracery, are excellent. The ring handles formed into animal heads of fierce aspect which hang from these plates are also worthy of study.

The first door to the left opens on a lobby leading to the study (Fig. 12). This has the proportion typical of the Founder's first floor rooms, each of which apparently had two windows with a fireplace between them. The Queen Anne panelling seems to fit these proportions with a special dignity, and the tall panels form a fine setting for the portraits of later provosts, of which Provost Hornby's appears in the illustration. It was not till 1765 that this room, together with others adjoining, became incorporated in the Lodge. In this year the clock and bells were moved from between the two easternmost buttresses on the north side of the chapel to Lupton's Tower, and additional accommodation was provided in compensation for the loss of the space entailed. The clock, however, only occupies half the top storey of the tower, the other half, once a muniment room, being now a store room for the college library. It may be presumed, therefore, that though the space below remained part of the Lodge, it was not so much the loss of space as that the rooms became useless as bedrooms owing to the thud of the pendulum and the recurrent preparation for the sounding of the bells. In the daytime these sounds are hardly perceptible below. The chamber (Fig. 10) immediately under the clock has the same floor area as Election Chamber which lies below. This room, "Bodmin," is completely secluded. The floor having been raised about 2ft. gives it a curious and attractive proportion, and lends a mysterious air to the low arched doorways



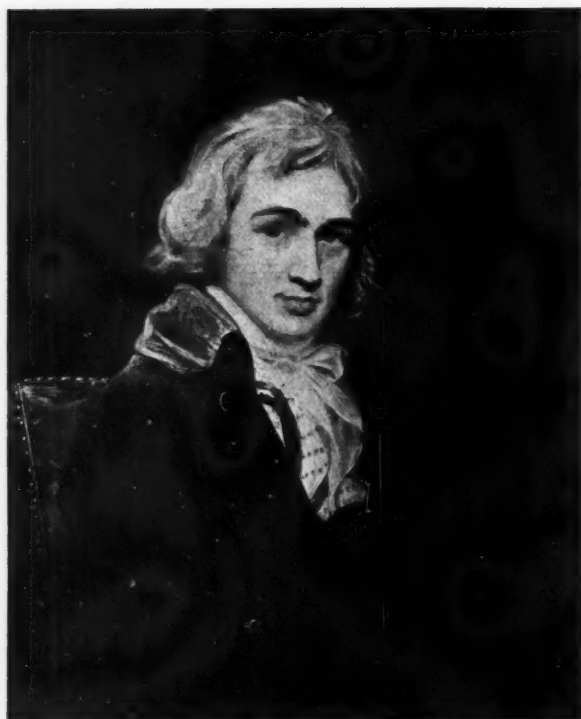
13.—THE HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Entered Eton 1758. Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Sittings 1762 64-65.



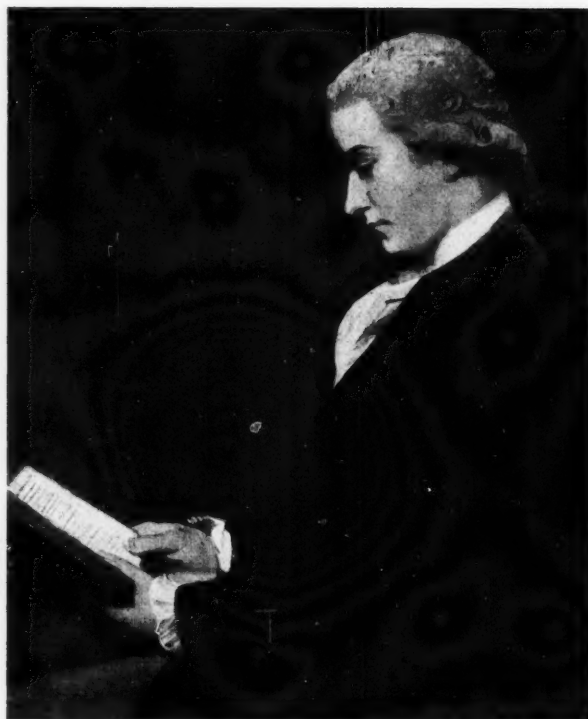
14.—RICHARD COLLEY, VISCOUNT WELLESLEY.

Entered Eton 1771. Painted in 1781 by George Romney.



16.—HENRY HALLAM.

Entered Eton 1789. Painted in 1795 by Sir William Beechey.



17.—SAMUEL WHITBREAD.

Entered Eton 1775. Painted in 1781 by George Romney.

which lead to the turret stairs or out upon the lead flats of the Lupton lodging, whence can be gained a delightful view of the Castle and of Lupton's Chantry cradled between the buttresses of the chapel.

The most elaborate Queen Anne woodwork in the Lodge is that shown in Fig. 9. This is a passage room, and is now used as the servants' hall. An ample doorway in the same style led direct from the corner of the cloister passage into this room, which can hardly have been intended for anything else than an entrance hall. The basin niche panelled in glass may be described as a curiosity, notably for the peculiar manner in which the walls of the niche are gathered into the springing. From this room the main staircase (Fig. 7) is reached by what is now a back passage. The walls of the stair-well are covered with "leaving-pictures," which are lit by a circular skylight

of graceful form. At the top of the stairs there is a parting of the ways: on the right the Parlour, on the left the drawing-rooms where the bulk of the pictures are hung. These are so engrossing that the plasterwork of the rooms and the somewhat elaborate carving of the woodwork (Fig. 8) are apt to pass unnoticed. Beneath these drawing-rooms are the libraries (Fig. 11), which are less formal in character than the other living rooms and have the charm of easy access to the garden.

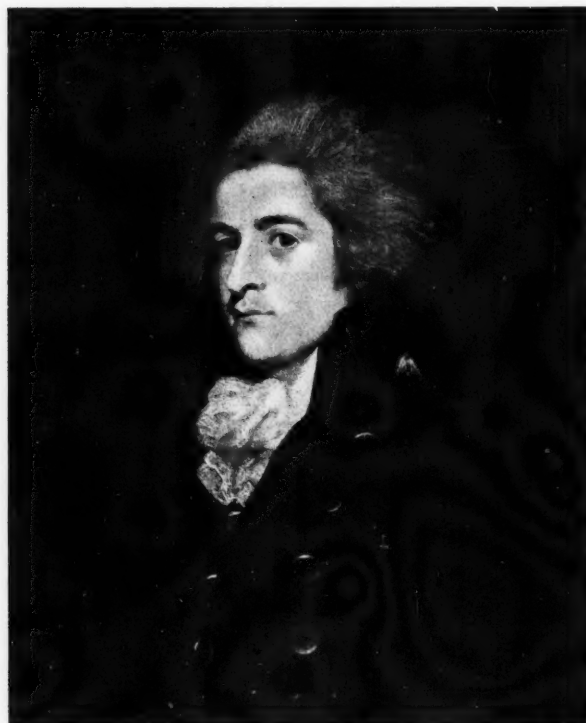
A perambulation of the Lodge leaves a variety of pleasant impressions, and the strongest is the sense of unity that prevails gathering all the separate styles here represented together. It is no museum, but a very human habitation, linked from end to end by a notable collection of pictures. Six of these are here shown, which may be allowed to speak for themselves.

EDMOND L. WARRE.



18.—HON. WILLIAM LEGGE.

Entered Eton 1797. Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.



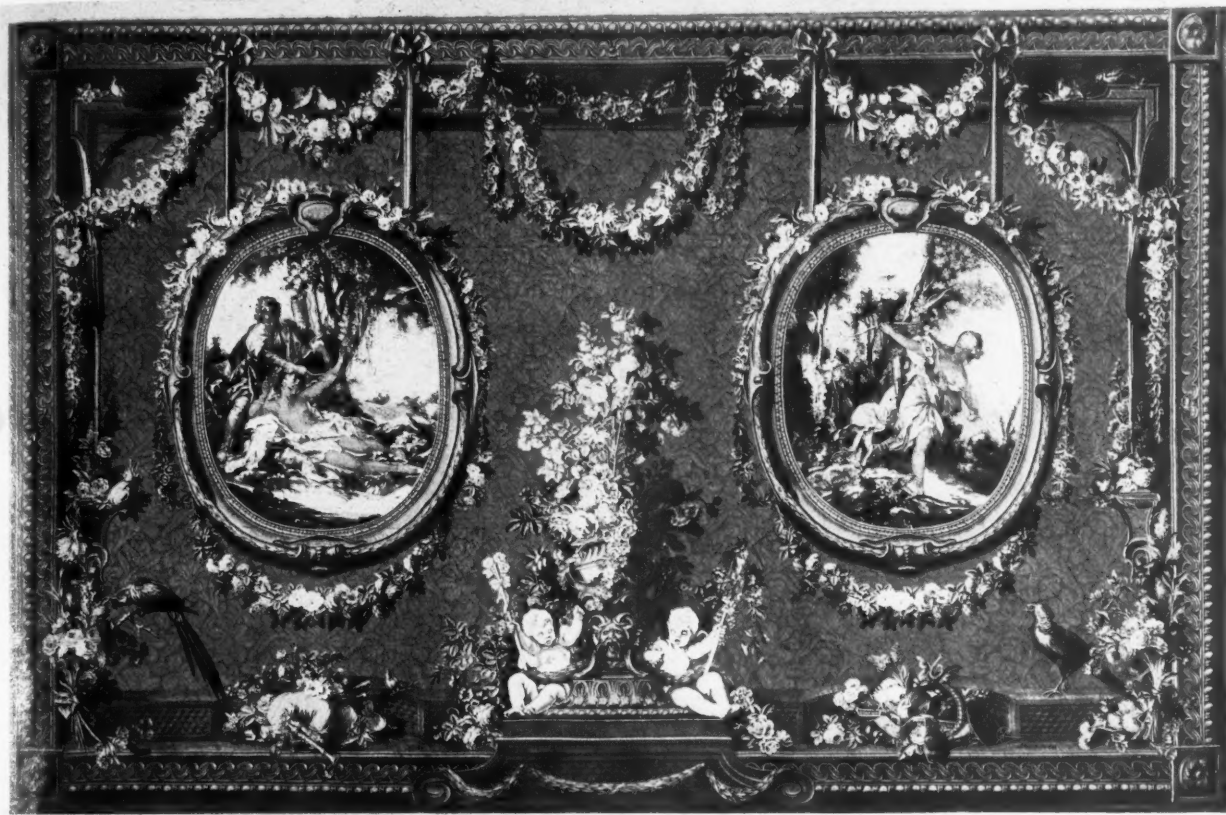
19.—JOHN BLIGH, FOURTH EARL OF DARNLEY.

Entered Eton 1775. Painted in 1787 by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We reproduce the six "leaving pictures," by the kind permission of the author and publishers, from Dr. Cust's "Eton College Portraits" (Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co.).—Ed.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF TEXTILES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM

I.—TAPESTRIES.



I.—THE ROSE TAPESTRIES FROM WELBECK ABBEY, "THE STORY OF SYLVIA," BY TASSO, DESIGN BY BOUCHER.
Lent by the Duke of Portland.

THE country houses of England have long been famous for the number of artistic treasures they contain, but to see these *in situ* demands time and travel; therefore to many lovers of art they are inaccessible. Hence the value of the Exhibition of precious textiles recently opened in the North and South Courts of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The North Court, with its large wall-spaces and mellow light, is admirably suited to the display of large tapestries. On the south wall hang the splendid Rose tapestries from Welbeck Abbey—an extraordinary blaze of luscious colour. On the floor the rose note is carried on in the Oriental carpets placed round the centre of the court until it is caught up and deepened in the background of the Don Quixote tapestry lent by the Duke of Rutland, K.G.

These Rose tapestries are the most striking feature in the collection. On the rose-flowered background are placed golden-framed ovals, filled with compositions by Boucher illustrating

the "Sylvia" of Tasso. The subjects are: Amitus releasing Sylvia; Sylvia fleeing from the wolf she has shot; Sylvia succours Amitus and Amitus heals Sylvia, who has been stung by a bee. Wreaths, vases and bouquets of flowers, cupids, pheasants and birds of magnificent plumage on the rose ground make a feast of splendid colour, but these details were arranged by the hands of masters and serve but as an accompaniment to the rose theme. The composition is framed in a border imitating carved and gilt wood (Fig. 1). The large panels are separated by four accessory pieces, each decorated with a dark blue vase of flowers placed on a gold stand. Below are magnificent sofas, chairs and screens with some unmounted chair covers. The woodwork of the furniture is of later date (Fig. 2). The perfect condition of the colours of these tapestries is due to the fact that they were not hung until a comparatively recent date. The designs were made by Boucher for Madame de Pompadour and the Marquis de Marigny. In the purely decorative parts he was assisted by Louis



2.—SOFA AND CHAIRS BELONGING TO THE ROSE TAPESTRY.
Lent by the Duke of Portland.

Tessier and Maurice Jacques. The series was many times reproduced and the exhibited tapestries are signed, "Neilson ex 1783." These magnificent Gobelin hangings are the property of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

The Gobelin panel from Belvoir belongs to the charming series illustrating the story of Don Quixote, one of the most popular of Gobelin subjects, from cartoons by Charles Coypel. The set to which this example belongs was presented by Louis XV to the Marquis de la Vrillière. It was purchased by John Henry, fifth Duke of Rutland, who was spending his honeymoon in Paris; the peacock in his pride, which is seen in the middle of the top border of the series, is part of the Rutland crest, a fact which is said to have influenced the Duke in his purchase. The subject of this hanging is "Sancho Panza deceiving Don Quixote by pretending that the peasant woman is Dulcinea." The panel is signed by Cozette, with the date 1770.

The pre-Gobelin tapestry workshops in Paris are worthily represented by two magnificent hangings of the subject of "Artemisia and Mausolus," from a set of cartoons made for Catharine de Médicis, who wished to express her grief for Henri II, as Queen Artemisia of old did for King Mausolus. The idea was adopted by Marie de Médicis on the death of Henri IV. These hangings were probably made in the Comans atelier when it was under the management of Hippolite de Comans. They have the broad borders characteristic of their period, enriched with the arms of France and Navarre, the H with crossed sceptres, and lion masks. The subject of the panels is evidently a Roman procession which lends the tapestries a noble dignity (Fig. 3). The workmanship of these tapestries is superb. They are enriched with gilt metal used in the



3.—"CHINOISERIE."

Lent by the Hon. H. D. McLaren.



4.—"THE STORY OF ARTEMISIA."

Lent by the Earl of Carlisle.

ordinary way and sometimes in the basket work method. They are the property of the Earl of Carlisle. Tapestries of the "Artemisia and Mausolus" series, but with a different border, are at Eastnor, the property of Lord Somers.

These early Parisian workshops were taken by King James I as a model for the manufactory at Mortlake, and from one of them came Philip de Maecht, chief weaver of the Mortlake manufactory. His initials and those of Sir Francis Crane appear in a very precious tapestry hung in the

South Court. The subject is the Sense of Smell, one of the beautiful series of "The five Senses" woven in the best period of the Mortlake manufactory. In the centre of the panel a lady is shown pressing flowers to her face. The field, which is white, is decorated with "grotesques"; and in the lower border appear the crossed sceptres and motto, "Sceptra foveant artes," of Charles I. This fine panel, worked with gilt metal in parts, has been lent by the Duke of Rutland, K.G., to whom belong other Mortlake tapestries—"The Death of Ananias," "Elymas struck with blindness" and "Children Playing." The border of the last named is the same as part of that of the tapestries of the same subject in Holyrood and of the Sheldon tapestry maps belonging to the York Philosophical Society. It seems to form a link between the Mortlake manufactory and that established by William Sheldon. A most interesting panel contributed by the Duke represents "Vulcan discovering the amour of Mars and Venus," a subject which was exquisitely woven at Mortlake. This piece, however, was woven at Lambeth and formed the subject of an interesting correspondence between Sir Sackville Crow, former director of the Mortlake manufactory, and the Countess of Rutland. The lady had consulted Sir Sackville in regard to having a set of hangings woven. Sir Sackville's reply states that he is no longer director; that he is in the Fleet prison; but he would advise the countess to have her hangings made at Lambeth. Accordingly a contract was drawn up with William Benood of the Lambeth manufactory, and the tapestry on exhibition reveals how well he fulfilled his contract. A photograph of the original correspondence is shown with the tapestry; it furnishes invaluable information of the Mortlake and Lambeth workshops. From the owner of Haddon come also some fine Flemish landscapes, a seventeenth century piece showing "Diana hunting the wild boar," in the style called in old times "paysage à petits personnages." It is a beautiful hanging with a rich border composed of flowers and fruit, and bears the Brussels mark with the initials of Guillaume van Leefdael, one of the principal master weavers of Brussels in the latter half of the seventeenth century, as well as a person of importance on the Communal Council. From Haddon came also a most curious hanging representing the standing figure of a king or emperor in armour with drawn sword and orb. The crown shows the fleur-de-lis, which surmounts the orb also. Large flowers spring on either side; in the distance are buildings. The border is unique and filled with



5.—"KING SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA."

Lent by Lady Binning.

coarsely expressed elements. One is almost identical with the Hittite double axe device; others are primitive birds, back to back, vases, St. Andrew and other crosses, and towards the middle of the lower border are the letters "I. V. S." The effect is brown and sombre; there is a slight manifestation of Scandinavian spirit in it. It is suggested that the figure represents James V of Scotland; as this tapestry is evidently one of the productions of some remote atelier of the seventeenth century, it may have been in Scotland

itself. Two exquisite "Chinoiserie" panels of Soho weaving are lent by the Hon. H. D. McLaren, M.P. Both are remarkable for their beautiful colouring, the smaller being in mother-o'-pearl tints on a deep blue ground within a border of old gold, on which are scattered isolated pieces of pottery with birds and dragons in the angles. The principal incident is a lord and lady dining in a tent which has a domed roof and side curtains. Ministering attendants stand near them, while people on an adjacent isle make obeisance to the grantees. The crisp execution of this panel is extraordinary. The colour scheme of the second panel (Fig. 3) is based on a warm brown keynote with rose as dominant. The tapestry belongs to a different school to that of the foregoing example. The lacquer tray design is evident, but the isolation of objects is so slight that they almost impinge upon each other. A palanquin in which an emperor is seated is being carried towards an edifice where two ladies are ready to receive him. His *avant-courier* runs in front beating a triangle. The details include figures hunting and shooting, and the usual medley of trees and buildings common to this style. The border, also on a brown ground, consists of small foliage of comparatively even distribution. To the same owner belongs an interesting fragment of early sixteenth century Brussels tapestry illustrating the Triumph of Time, of which there is a complete tapestry bought by Cardinal Wolsey, at Hampton Court. Lady Binning contributes two hangings of a slightly later date which represent the Court of a King and Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba (Fig. 5). The most precious Gothic tapestry is the altarpiece belonging to Captain Geoffrey Darley. The subject is "The Coronation of the Virgin," who stands on the crescent, with six supporting angels. The Son is crowning her; the Holy Spirit is overhead; on the right is the Father. The background is sky, almost hidden by an orchestra of twenty-four angels. The sky below merges into trees and pleasant country, with a tiny figure riding, and a lake. The exquisite fineness of this tapestry lends it the effect of an illuminated manuscript. The border consists of architectural forms at the sides; at the foot it is a blue band on which is ornament worked in red and tarnished gold. Gold is lavishly used in the draperies. It is pleasing to note in the Exhibition a tapestry representing Saint Elizabeth, the work of disabled soldiers who are being trained at the Central School of Arts and Crafts. May the good work prosper!

W. G. THOMSON.

A WORD FOR "OLD Q"

MR. ARTHUR DASENT gossiping about the West End of London is always delightful. He is full of knowledge, familiar with the figures, great and grotesque, associated with the places, and is an adept at producing lifelike pen portraits. Those who liked—and who did not?—"The History of St. James's Square" will find an equal feast set out before them in *Piccadilly* (Macmillan). The book has not a dull page, and much might be said of the coming of the aristocracy to Piccadilly, its club-houses and so on but the general reader will probably find "Old Q., the Star of Piccadilly," the most enthralling of these studies.

Much was written in the lifetime of the fourth Duke of Queensberry, and many pencils were employed to depict him and his habits. Yet Mr. Dasent has been able to produce a fresh and most engaging sketch. He has prefixed it with a contemporary drawing by T. Rowlandson, in which the ancient roué is seen leaning out of his favourite balcony and ogling a group of buxom young women. There he is, as the author says, limned to the life, as he sat, day after day on the balcony of No. 138, toothless and purblind, too feeble any longer to take his walks abroad, "ogling and hobbling down St. James's Street" in his leisured progress to White's. Mr. Dasent does not follow the fashion of heaping contumely on "Old Q." as one compact of iniquity; neither is he blind to his failings. He balances the bad with the good and arrives at the conclusion that he was "a confirmed voluptuary, perhaps, but a man not wholly devoid of good." It is evident that he has a tender feeling for the house of Douglas. He recalls the story of Sir James "the Good," knighted on the field of Bannockburn, who fell in battle on the plains of Andalusia while carrying the heart of Robert Bruce to the Holy Land. "Lead on, gallant heart, as thou wert wont," he said, flinging the casket into the midst of his enemies, "the Dowglas will follow thee or die." From that day till this Scotland has had many Douglasses, some heroes, some the reverse, but not one more interesting to the student of human nature than he who is called "the Star of Piccadilly." Popular he ever was and deserves the praise that he was "wholly without affectation, good-hearted, hospitable and noted for the sincerity of his friendship." The chief fault urged against him by the more puritanical element of society is rather neatly summed up by our author when he describes the badge of the Douglas family. They assumed a "human heart crowned," in memory of the exploit of James Douglas, and took the proud motto "Jamais arrière"; but the branch now merged in the dukedom of Buccleuch, quartering the heart with the arms of Mar within "the Royal treasure of Scotland," chose for its motto the single word "Amo," "thus," says our author, "unconsciously summing up 'Old Q.'s ruling passion in a word." In the frankness of his profligacy he resembled Charles II. But it would not have been handed down to us in tradition but for the changes in society that took place during his life. Moreover, he kept them up in old age, and it is human to condemn one who does not learn restraint with the passing years. George Douglas had every temptation to be wild. He was born heir to great wealth and was allowed to do very much as he liked in his youth, so that when as Earl of March he made his first appearance on the turf at twenty-three his character was formed. He was as keen about horse-racing and betting as he was about women, and he was extremely fortunate. In 1748 his chestnut gelding Whipper In beat a bay mare of Lord Downe's over four miles for a hundred guineas.

If one only thought of the grotesque wagers and contests which formed a secondary passion with Queensberry a good deal might be said after this to condemn him, although many of these contests were supremely innocent in themselves. Indeed, there is an ingenuity about some of them that provokes admiration, as, for instance, the bet that he would cause a letter to be conveyed fifty miles within an hour. This he did by putting the missive inside a cricket ball and having a certain number of expert cricketers stationed along the way to throw the ball from one to the other. At the expiration of the hour it was found that the ball had travelled for more than the stipulated number of miles. Contests in gluttony were common enough in his day and have not died out yet, so that one can only smile at the match between Lade and him as to which could produce the man who would devour most at a sitting. "Old Q." won by "a pig and an apple pie." It was a betting period, and the betting book at White's recalls "Old Q." betting as to the day on which some of his

friends would be married and some would die, and the number of children they would have, and a great many other domestic details of a like nature.

On the other side of the shield it is recorded that his credit was unblemished in connection with the running of horses, and this is something to say of a man who bet heavily every time. Another thing in his favour was the really thoughtful and philanthropic manner in which he drew up his will. He did not leave his money to the rich, but to the needy. One cannot help regretting that his kindness to Lady Hamilton miscarried through the contentions raised over the will. After Trafalgar he heard that she was in pecuniary distress, and he ordered his *chef* to prepare an elaborate repast every day of the week and send it round to her, and he placed one of his carriages at her disposal. In his will he left her an annuity of five hundred pounds, but the tedious litigation prevented many of his charitable bequests, this among them, being paid. The estate was dragged into the Court of Chancery and not finally administered until 1816, by which time Lady Hamilton was dead. His old age was not dull, and still he must have felt lonely. His old friend, Selwyn, was dead; so were Pitt and Fox, and "the Macaroni of the mid-eighteenth century was a solitary figure in the more decorous society of a younger generation." His wealth was accumulating, but his old friends were passing away one by one. He prided himself on always having twenty thousand pounds in cash about him, in addition to a permanent balance of a hundred thousand pounds at Coutts's Bank. He died on December 23rd, 1810, and on the last day of that year he was quietly interred in the Chancel at St. James's Church under the communion table. By his directions no inscription marks his resting-place and no hatchment was placed on any of his houses. He left legacies of ten thousand pounds to at least half a dozen people, including, says our author, "various hungry Hamiltons and gay Gordons." Very few people would have had the thought to leave six hundred pounds a year to the clerk at Coutts's Bank who kept his account; and as to the matter of that, few lovers of music would have left a hundred pounds a year to the leader of the orchestra at the Italian Opera.

Stray-Aways, by E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans, price, 16s.)

THIS title has been chosen by Miss E. C. Somerville for a collection of the early writings of herself and her collaborator, Martin Ross. They cannot fail to interest the many admirers of this combination. The pieces were for the most part published in a variety of places. Some had to be resurrected from the British Museum, and the editor says of the large essay called "In the State of Denmark" that it may be of value in throwing some light on the manners and customs of ancient Scandinavia. A fair proportion of the papers could be dated from references in the text, even if the exact time at which they had been published had not been given. The first in the volume is 1914, and the next was published in 1889, and we have to go back to that year to get its atmosphere. It and the one that follows, "Cheops in Connemara," were the two that had to be rescued from the British Museum. Following these come four sketches of the Latin Quarter, written in 1894-95, which are full of the humour and close observation that did so much towards making the fame of Martin Ross. An undated story called "The Dog From Doone," is a piece of writing that will appeal as much to the literary taste as to dog lovers. It has a fine touch of the irresponsible, engaging cleverness of the writer. "In the Fighting-Line" is a sketch of Irish electioneering as it was just before the war broke out. Two unfinished studies, "The Old Station-Master" and "A Subterranean Cave at Cloonabinnia," are fragments that excite a longing to know how they would have been continued and enlarged. "A Foxhunt in the Southern Hills" is one of the few that have a wartime flavour. "Could we walk through it?" suggested someone. "You could not," replied Mikey-Dan; "that'd shwally the Kayser and all his min!" It would be idle to say that this book, if published at the beginning of their career, would have been the name and fame of the two brilliant writers. It has some excellent writing in it and other writing that seems to have been done before the distinguished method and execution of the later years were attained. But our great favourites among the books teach us to recognise the touch, even when it is immature, and *Stray-Aways* ought certainly to be added to the library of those who have treasured the preceding volumes written by Miss E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross.

BOOKS WORTH READING.

Essays, Speculative and Political, by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

The New Jerusalem, by G. K. Chesterton (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.)

Highways and Byways of Northumberland, by P. Anderson Graham, illustrated by Hugh Thomson (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

And Even Now, by Max Beerbohm (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

Lucinda, by Anthony Hope (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.)

CORRESPONDENCE

THE STAINED GLASS AT HONINGTON.
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the bee on the pillar in the panel of stained glass containing a portrait of Sir William Skipwith now over the doorway in Honington Hall, this was a practical joke frequently perpetrated by glass-painters of the period. The legs of the bee (or more commonly a fly) were painted on one side of the glass and the body on the other, the difference between the two plane surfaces of the glass giving an extraordinary lifelike effect of projection and one very easily produced. The enclosed photograph shows an example in Swiss glass; another of flies and bees, "well calculated to deceive the spectator by J. Oliver 1664," is at Northill, Beds. John Oliver (whom Walpole in his "Anecdotes" calls Isaac) was a prominent glass-painter in his day. He was born in 1615 and was still alive in 1700, in which year, when eighty-four years of age, he painted and presented a window to Christ Church, Oxford, since removed. To the London Company of Glaziers and Painters on Glass, of which he was a member, he presented a beadle's staff and an annuity of £3, secured

had a good many years' experience in a cavalry regiment I base my theory on the training I received there. The trotting action while riding is, I think, the one most used for the longest period at a time; for instance, in hunting, in going to the meet and on the return after the hunt. Now this action in the horse is a diagonal one, i.e., when the near fore reaches the ground so does the off hind and vice-versa. You will find that 99 per cent. of riders—astride, I mean—rise in the saddle as the near fore is on the ground, which brings the off fore up. The weight of the rider being more on the fore-quarters than the hind, the action of the rider must necessarily correspond with the fore-quarters of the horse. Therefore, as the horse brings its off fore from the ground the weight of the horse and rider is thrown over to the left. Being one of the 99 per cent. you are rising simultaneously in the saddle, which necessitates a certain amount of grip with the thighs, more so with the left as the weight is thrown over into the left stirrup. This is the reason, I think, why the adductor muscles in the left leg suffer more than the right. In cavalry training the above action is known as trotting on the "left diagonal," and one is taught that after riding

The police here at Horsham are, I am glad to say, very keen on doing their duty in the matter, but they do not appear to win the requisite amount of support from the magistrates. Last week a man, who has been engaged in the "art" for many years, was prosecuted and the case proved. The accused pleaded ignorance of the law and the case was dismissed with costs, four shillings! A short time ago an osprey was shot in Kent, and all round these coasts there is a ring of collectors who destroy almost every rare bird that attempts to pass. A meal of cold lead and a home in a glass case is all that this "land of heroes" has to offer these charming visitors. Is it not time that a really determined effort was made to secure a new and efficient Act that will succeed in checking this continuous and cruel slaughter, by the infliction of worthy penalties? I never read or hear of the killing of these beautiful creatures without thinking of Shakespeare's lines:

"For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again."

—RALPH ROBINSON.

A WONDERFUL PEDIGREE MIDDLE
WHITE SOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is often stated that the ability of a sow to produce a large number of pigs per litter is an individual peculiarity; on the other hand, many people blame the boar. The following record of the sow Albany Rosemary 51264, proves, I think, the first contention, as the litters in question have different sires in some cases. Albany Rosemary was bred by me on my open-air system and has never been in a pigsty. She was born December 27th, 1915.

1st litter	she farrowed	13 pigs
2nd	" "	" 11 "
3rd	" "	" 9 "
4th	" "	" 12 "
5th	" "	" 16 "
6th	" "	" 14 "
7th	" "	" 21 "

and she still looks good for several more farrows. Experience has taught me that to rear ten pigs per litter is all that a good sow can on the average do satisfactorily. Perhaps other breeders will be kind enough to give some of their experiences for comparison.—S. F. EDGE.

"A RARE ALBINO."

TO THE EDITOR.

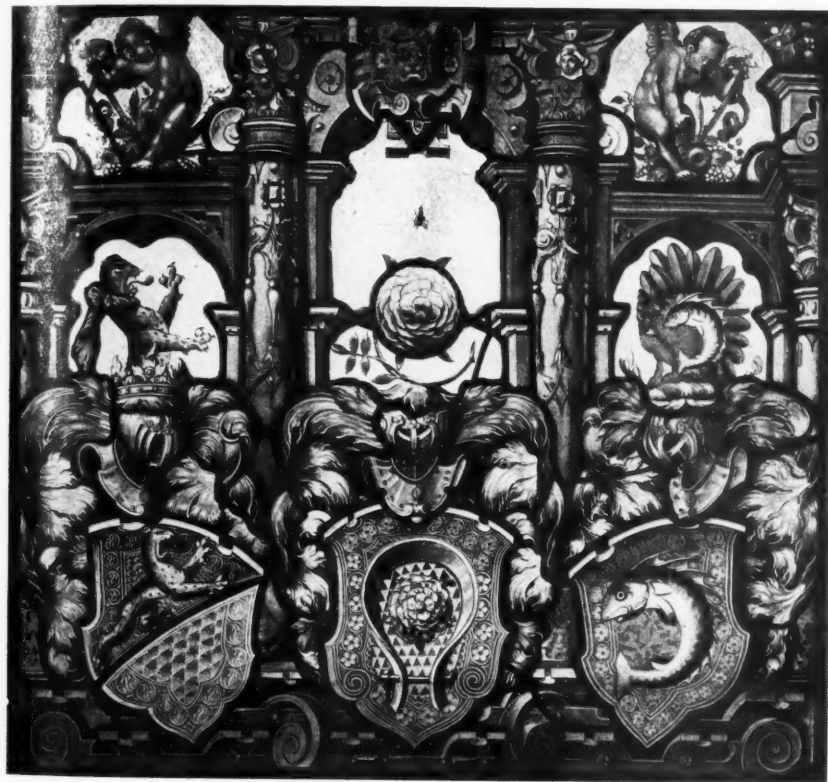
SIR,—With reference to "A Rare Albino" (COUNTRY LIFE, October 16th, 1920, page 516), the following extract from the *Northern Whig and Belfast Post* of Saturday, November 27th, 1920, may interest your correspondent:

"THE ALBINO WATER-RAIL.

"Mr. Alfred Sheals, the well known taxidermist, writes as follows: "I received an Albino Water-Rail with pink eyes, beak, and legs which was shot near Seaforde, County Down, November 10th, 1904. It was a fine large male, and is now in the collection of Mr. C. J. Carroll, Fethard, County Tipperary. Four years later I received a pied Water-Rail, nearly all white, and a very handsome bird. This was a female, shot at Banbridge, County Down, December 15th, 1908. The bird is now in the possession of a Belfast medical gentleman. Another pure white specimen was obtained somewhere in England about 1915 and set up there. It was afterwards sent to me to be remounted. A peculiar feature about this bird is that the eyes were black. All specimens were in perfect plumage."—R. J. SPENCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have just seen in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE the picture of this bird. Your correspondent says that probably it is the only one. I know of two other pure albinos with pink bills and legs, also one with some buff feathers in its wings. I consider the following much rarer: White eider duck, white bartailed godwit, white adult cuckoo, white knot, white redshank, white garganey teal, white barn owl, white spotted flycatcher, white red-backed shrike, white whimbrel and several others all in my collection and all British.—J. WHITAKER.



THE FLY ON THE GLASS.
A Swiss glass-painter's practical joke.

on a lease of his house in Queen Street, alias Soper Lane. It is possible that he was the artist of the glass in Honington Hall. Le Vieil in his "L'Art de la Peinture sur Verre" gives an amusing account of how, when he was restoring the windows of Saint Etienne du Mont, he got rid of the attentions of a fussy churchwarden who was for ever poking his nose into everything and from whose eagle eye nothing could escape, by painting a fly on the glass. When the windows were being put back the vigilant churchwarden spotted the fly, when the following conversation ensued: "Ne sont-ce pas là des vitres bien nettes? Que fait là cette mouche? Elle y fait beaucoup, monsieur, en faveur du peintre, puisque la simple imitation de cette mouche a paru pouvoir vous autoriser à me taxer de négligence." Le Vieil was no longer troubled with the unwelcome attentions of the churchwarden.—JOHN A. KNOWLES.

"RIDER'S STRAIN."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the letter on this subject in your issue of November 20th, I should like to air my views on the matter. Having

a mile, say, to change the diagonal, which is done by the rider allowing himself to be bumped once in the saddle and then resuming the rising motion again which brings the rider rising in the saddle as the off fore is on the ground. The rider thus keeps changing automatically. This change greatly alleviates matters for both the rider and the horse. I should like to hear other riders' views on the subject.—HAROLD W. HULTON.

THE PRICE OF OLD LEAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Am I troubling you too much to enquire what is the proper price for old lead—an old lead cistern and some old lead roofing?—Y.

[Messrs. Walkers, Parker and Co. inform us that the present price of old lead is roughly £22 a ton.—ED.]

BIRD DESTRUCTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In spite of Bird Preservation Acts and Societies the work of destruction still goes on

A PIKE FISHING ADVENTURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During a day's pike fishing in Sussex the following incident occurred which may interest you. I fitted together my tackle and placed it in a small deep pool, in a likely place for a pike, and stood talking to my friend. With a sudden rush my floats went, and before I could get to my rod the line was broken above the floats, having caught round the handle of the reel. I put on a new trace and attached my snap-tackle to a new bait, feeling much disappointed, but this time waiting by my rod. I soon got a run and landed a good fish, and, baiting again, we started lunch. During lunch we noticed my floats come up and plough their way through a patch of weeds and then remain still. My friend got the boat, which was about half a mile away, and rowed to the spot very quietly. Gently leaning over the side he took hold of the pilot float, which was beginning to move again. The fish dived, and by the weight of the fish my friend nearly fell out of the boat and caught his wrist a nasty bang on the gunwale. Later in the afternoon the floats again appeared, and this time, more carefully than before, my friend managed to tie the end of his own line to my broken one just above the floats. He felt the weight of the fish on his rod, and by very skilful handling worked the fish into clear water. After a fight of ten minutes, with the boat drifting here and there, he tried to gaff the fish, but missed. On a second attempt,



A 15LB. PIKE WITH ITS CONQUEROR.

however, he was successful, and the pike was got into the boat. On being weighed it was found to scale 15lb., and was in perfect condition.—C. M. BALLARD.

THE COD AND THE COHOE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—During the early part of September this year I was fishing for "coho" salmon at Cohichan Bay, Vancouver Island. I hooked a small fish about 10lb. and had been playing it for perhaps ten minutes. I was, at the time, using a light split cane trout fly rod. The fish was almost played out, and it surprised me that it should have enough left in it to go to the bottom and sulk. All my efforts to move it were for some time unavailing. I worked my boat up to the line, the water was clear, and a long way down I could see what I took to be a patch of seaweed. I continued to keep a maximum strain on the line, to the imminent danger of the light rod, and after a time there was a very slight response. Very gradually the fish and all came to the surface, and I then discovered that what I had taken to be a

mass of weed was a big cod fish. The salmon was firmly held between its great jaws. The Pacific cod fish has a yellow skin with dark spots. The eyes of this one were the size of pennies, but the most conspicuous feature



A TAME ROEDEER AND HER FRIEND.

of its head (which appeared too big for its body) was the jaw, like the mouth of a carpet bag, and a triple row of very sharp-pointed teeth top and bottom. I brought the cod, still firmly holding the coho across its mouth, alongside the boat and gaffed it in the head. It lashed the surface, covering me with spray, and for a few minutes there was some danger of upsetting the little dinghy. It soon tired and I lifted it into the boat. I dropped my rod when I gaffed the cod, and to my surprise I found after despatching the cod that the coho was still on, and I had no difficulty in landing it. The cod weighed 35lb.—A. D. SOPSWORTH.

"SUPERSTITIONS OF SUSSEX."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—“Salopian's” letter reminds me of two amusing stories on somewhat the same lines. In Bucks an old friend of mine was riding over an estate with a country squire who pulled up at a cottage to enquire after an old retainer who was ill. The old wife came to the door, and the squire kindly enquired how John was; this was the reply, “Well, sir, he is terrible ill. His heart is so bad that the doctor do say if he only turned over on his left side he would be gone at once; but, there, you know, he is so stomachy that he won't do it.” In Devon the rector's wife called on Mrs. Smith, who was blessed with a very large family and was lamenting on the hardship which this involved. She ended up by saying, “There, you see, I haven't had any churchyard luck like Mary Jones”—Mary Jones having buried about half her family. Mrs. Smith used to greet the rector's wife with “And how is your cripple-ship to-day,” which, being interpreted, meant “How are your ladyship's rheumatics to-day?” —MOONRAKER.

ANOTHER ODD FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The roe deer of which I send you a photograph was found by a friend of mine last May

when it was very tiny, having, I suppose, been lost by her mother. He brought her home and put her in his garden, and there she has remained ever since. At first she was fed with an ordinary baby's bottle, and gradually took to foraging for herself. She is very tame and, as you see, is quite at home in the company of the spaniel, which also lives in the garden. This is rather curious, as ordinarily roe deer are very wild and shy. She goes out for walks with her master, and one day he took her for a three mile walk through the wild country where she was born. She showed not the least desire to stray, and ran along quite happily with the dog.—DORSETSHIRE.

BLACKBERRY NUTLETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Every true lover of the country life of the Gilbert White spirit must have often observed how blackberry nutlets are cracked by our smaller birds in late Octobers and open Novembers. So small and light are these blackberry nutlet shells that they may often be viewed below the birds' feeding places hanging in the spiders' webs. Can anyone say what species of birds feed on the seeds in these nutlets? I have watched fruitlessly for many years, as no well known feeding place was near my house. It is curious, all the same, that in fifty years I have never observed local birds or migrants at this nutlet cracking. This has not arisen from not wanting to know or from not looking out.—E. ADRIAN WOODRUFFE-PEACOCK.

SETTING QUAIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may like to see this photograph of an English setter setting quail near Melbourne in Australia.—ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN.



AN ENGLISH SETTER SETTING QUAIL NEAR MELBOURNE.

THE ESTATE MARKET

STEADY DEMAND FOR FARMS

NATURALLY at this period of the year there is a slight slowing down of business in the estate market, but it is only seasonal, and it gives time for the multitudinous arrangements which have to be made for the offering of estates early in the new year. Everywhere, with one or two unimportant exceptions, a steady demand for farms continues to be a noticeable feature, and the supply promises to be fully maintained, if the preliminary notification of the intended sale of such properties as the holdings on the Bifrons estate, mentioned later, may be taken as an indication.

Tenants, of course, generally speaking, have the privilege of negotiating privately for their holdings, but there have been forcible reminders in the last few days that the tenants have no legal right to that privilege, and that if property comes into the open market they must take their chance equally with all competitors, and must refrain from what may be called "peaceful persuasion" of outsiders not to bid against them. Recent events have shown the need of the admonition, and it may be hoped that it will be laid to heart. Owners and their representatives, to say nothing of bidders, have a right to be allowed to conduct auctions without interference, and to see that "the highest bidder shall be the purchaser," whoever he may be. As a Judge of the High Court has just remarked, any other principle would involve the introduction of the evils of the Irish land system into this country.

BIFRONS, NEAR CANTERBURY.

THE trustees of the will of the Marquess of Conyngham have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to sell outlying farms, about 2,600 acres, of the Bifrons estate, near Canterbury, including land in the Isle of Thanet, famous for its malting barley. It is understood that the tenants are first to have the opportunity of buying. In all probability they will avail themselves of it, for, besides barley, the district is pre-eminent for hops, being largely in the parish of Patricbourne, which produces the best hops in the whole of the most famous area in East Kent for that crop. Bifrons occupies the top and slopes of one of the rolling downs between Canterbury and Dover, and much of the parkland lies in the fertile valley of the Lesser Stour. We can vouch for it that there are fine trout in that stream, and many who have never fished in it know the extraordinary beauty of the shaded windings of the little stream as it goes on towards Littlebourne and the main river.

MEMORIAL TO COLONEL DOUGHTY-WYLIE, V.C.

THE Theberton Hall estate, Suffolk, is to be sold early next year by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley under instructions from Mrs. Doughty-Wylie. It includes a moderate-sized Italian mansion, four farms and capital woodlands. The proceeds of the sale are to be expended on the erection of a memorial at Sudd-el-Bahr to Colonel C. H. M. Doughty-Wylie, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., and his heroic comrades at Gallipoli. A site has been obtained from the Turkish Government.

REDLANDS, WESTERHAM.

THE freehold residential estate of Redlands, near Edenbridge and Westerham, on the southern slope of Crockham Hill, was submitted for Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Tracey, D.S.O., by Messrs. Cronk. It comprised the house and 40 acres and three farms, bringing the total extent to 328 acres. The house was bought in, but the farms were sold as follows: Stone Street, 63 acres, £1,800, with an extra £175 for timber; Coakham Farm, 163 acres, for £3,800, with timber, £710; and other lots were 22 acres for £1,413; and Cow Lees Farm, 28 acres, let at £52 a year, for £1,400, with £75 for timber.

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY HOUSE.

AN exquisite example of fifteenth century architecture, Ashwell Court, near Great Missenden, Bucks, awaits an offer through Messrs. Harrods, Limited. In the illustrated particulars the agents say that the owner has for many years collected, in England and on the Continent, beams, panelling and carvings of the Gothic period. The house is full of

them, and, though mediaeval, is in accord with modern notions of luxury, and in thorough repair. It is freehold.

A VENDOR'S GIFT TO A HUNT.

DR. EDWARD LIDDON has sold Leycroft Farm, and adjoining land near Taunton, in all 175 acres, let at £500 a year, to Mr. E. T. Bryant, the tenant, for £18,700, through Messrs. W. R. J. Greenslade and Co. Dr. Liddon was at one time Master of the Taunton Vale Harriers, and he has presented to the Hunt the land on which the kennels are situated, adjoining Leycroft Farm. The price obtained for the Leycroft land works out at £106 or £107 an acre.

The Duke of Grafton's Wakefield estate was submitted by Messrs. Peirce and Thorpe. There were 4,500 acres. Out of 125 lots forty-four were sold, exclusive of timber, for £26,000. Of eighteen farms four changed hands.

THE FIRST "REVIEW OF THE YEAR."

ALTHOUGH it is somewhat early to issue an annual summary of business, there is nothing in that of Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker which is likely to be modified by any experience in the remaining fortnight or so of 1920. The Winchester firm states, *inter alia*, that "1920 has been an exceedingly good year, and has fully justified the optimistic view we took of the trend of events when sending you our last report. The demand for every description of property has been keen—including landed estates and farms, country houses both large and small, and urban property, whether for occupation or investment.

"During 1920 we have also offered a record number of properties by auction, and the results attending such submission have fully justified the vendors in taking this course, as although sales have not always been made in the sale room, almost invariably the resulting publicity has speedily brought about the end desired. In several cases owners have rid themselves of real 'white elephants'.

"Prices generally have ruled high, especially in the case of agricultural land, and we have instances where, in spite of a heavy tithe, over £40 an acre has been obtained for farms, and the demand for holdings has been steadily growing. We see no prospect of any serious diminution of this demand, and the sum and substance of our view is that the property market has a prosperous if not a 'booming' time ahead. Furniture has continued to sell very well indeed, and in many instances we have obtained at our auctions prices 200 per cent. in excess of pre-war figures."

Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker have sold by auction, at Exeter, Abbotsham Court, near Bideford, a freehold residential property on the coast of North Devon, including a country house with wooded grounds and meadowland, in all about 35 acres. They have also sold privately Woodcroft, Four Marks, Alton, a freehold of 13 acres, with house.

THE WHITTON COURT TAPESTRIES.

THE tapestries which adorn Whitton Court, Salop, were, in most respects, the important feature of the auction just held at Ludlow by Messrs. Davies and Edwards. The tenants were successful in securing a good many of the holdings, but some were withdrawn at prices which do not seem to have been at all excessive. Whitton Court, situated midway between Ludlow and Tenbury, extends to about 719 acres.

The estate was first offered as a whole and withdrawn at £35,000. The mansion, Whitton Court, was offered with 160 acres 3 roods 5 poles of land. Its history dates back to the twelfth century, and it came into the possession of the Charlton family in the seventeenth. They and their successors, the Lechmere Charltons, allowed the court and estate to deteriorate, and in 1830 it passed into the hands of Mr. Thomas Botfield. Mr. Samuel Mills purchased it in 1857, when the court itself was in use as a farmhouse. He and his daughter, who succeeded to the property seven years later, restored the residence and improved the estate. Bidding started at £7,000, and ended at £10,500, when the property was knocked down to Mr. T. Estyn Jones. The auctioneer afterwards offered in one lot the tapestries at present hanging in

Whitton Court, consisting of seven panels and fragments. They are believed to be of Brussels manufacture (latter half of the seventeenth century), the subjects being Cupids disporting themselves in formal garden landscapes, with borders at the sides of caryatides, scroll work and Cupids. The opening bid was £500, and by advances of £100 each the figures were carried to £2,100, when they were withdrawn.

STEDE COURT, NEAR MAIDSTONE.

SIR JOHN DENISON PENDER'S Georgian mansion, Stede Court, Harrietsham, near Maidstone, is for disposal by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The house stands on a fine site some 600ft. above sea level.

ASHMORE AUCTION DEFERRED.

MESSRS. HAMPTON AND SONS announce that the sale of the Ashmore estate, near Shaftesbury, has been postponed from December 14th to January 25th, but it can be treated for privately in the meantime.

DEMAND FOR BOURNEMOUTH HOUSES.

PRIVATE sales by Messrs. Fox and Sons include a modern residence with large garden known as Stresa, Chessell Avenue, and Cliff Cottage, Wilfred Road, both on the Boscombe Manor estate; Redholme, Truscott Avenue; a detached house, Cranmere, Branksome Park; and business premises at Westbourne and Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth; also building land in Bournemouth. The total purchase money, including 39 acres near East Grinstead, amounted to £17,255.

KYNETON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

BY direction of Mrs. Maclaine Jenner-Fust and the Rev. D. Jenner-Fust, Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. sold portions of the Kyneton estate, near Thornbury, 832 acres in extent, when twenty lots out of twenty-two were sold for a total of £37,530.

RUGBY AND WOODHALL SPA SALES.

STARBOROUGH HOUSE, Rugby, has been sold since the auction by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, whose sales in the last few days have included twenty-one lots of the Kirkstead estate, Woodhall Spa, extending to 1,400 acres. Various lots had been sold, prior to the sale, to the tenantry, and in all ten lots were disposed of at an aggregate of nearly £16,000.

£88,000 FOR CLAPHAM LAND.

ONE of the sales that seemed for a time likely to be postponed owing to the recent coal strike, but which was persevered with, has been brought to a very successful conclusion by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, who were acting in conjunction with Mr. E. Hugh Henry. It is that of the Clapham Manor estate. On the first day eighty-three lots were submitted and sixty-eight sold, for approximately £25,400; and on the second day, fifty-five out of sixty-eight lots changed hands under the hammer for £24,200. Including private treaty before the auction, the grand total approached £88,000.

DUKE OF LEEDS' CORNISH LAND.

THE DUKE OF LEEDS has resolved to dispose of his land in Cornwall, and has offered the first refusal of the holdings to his tenants. Messrs. Lofts and Warner are acting on his behalf in the matter, with the stewards of the estate, Messrs. Grylls, Hill and Hill.

SIR CHARLES FRISWELL'S HOUSE.

WESTLANDS, Ewhurst, Sir Charles Friswell's residence, has been privately sold by Messrs. Geering and Colyer, with Mumford House, Kingsnorth, and other properties near Ashford, and large farms at Sittingbourne, Smarden and Wingham.

GLANRHEIDOL HOUSE, ABERYSTWYTH.

JOINTLY with Messrs. Gillart and Sons, Messrs. Norfolk and Prior have sold 53 acres of outlying portions of the Glanrheidol House estate, situated at Capel Bangor, near Aberystwyth. The old stone-built Georgian mansion with 52 acres, and a couple of lakes teeming with trout, may be negotiated for. The latter firm has also sold Blandford Cottage, Thames Ditton.

ARBITER.

GOLF IN A WINTER'S GALE

By BERNARD DARWIN.

I HAD the pleasure of playing against Oxford for the first time this term at Walton Heath last Saturday, when we just managed to wipe out our last year's defeat and, incidentally, to tarnish for the first time the Oxford escutcheon. It seemed rather a suitable day for fierce fighting and revenge, for it was one on which, in ordinary circumstances, one would have stayed snug in the club house. There was a bitter raging wind, and on that great stretch of heath, so surpassingly lovely on a summer's day, so uncompromisingly bleak on a winter one, there was no shelter and no respite. On the way out we were blown on to our noses; on the way home on to our backs. Those who know the course will know how seldom it is that in winter a person of ordinary driving powers can play his second shot to the fourth, seventh and eighth holes with an iron club of no extraordinary power. As to the fifteenth hole in the teeth of the gale, I suppose there were those who could reach it with three wooden club shots, but one would have earned much money by betting against it. It was, in short, the kind of golf that is extraordinarily good for one now and again. One has to brace oneself to stand steady against the gusts; one really does find out whether or not one is hitting the ball truly, for the wind blows away any little illusions on that point. Two or three days of it would blow away all semblance of rhythm in the swing, but once in a while it adds a zest to life.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF PUTTING.

I never play golf on such a day as was last Saturday without thinking that the real difficulty of playing in a heavy wind lies in the putting. The rest of the game is hard enough, but at any rate, one can to some degree, return blow for blow. When it comes to the green it is more important than ever to stand still, and more difficult, and there is no compensating satisfaction of hitting hard. Moreover, in the longer shots one can to some extent tauten and brace oneself, but to tauten oneself on the green is fatal to free, and so to true, hitting of the ball. One ought to be no more than about 5ft. high and as broad as one is long. If one is of a scraggy, willowy and weedy build one becomes a plaything to the winds. It is wisest, I think, to take a fairly short grip of the putter and to get well down to the ball; yet we all know by sad experience that this is the way to be cramped. One thing is tolerably certain, that we must hold on firmly to the club and not to be too light fingered or refined in our methods. Once we begin truckling to the ball in a wind and trying too obviously to coax or soothe it into the hole, the ball finds out that we are frightened of it and presumes accordingly; there is no distance from which it will not refuse to go in. A very modest standard of goodness will be good enough, if only we can attain to it. "Aim at the church steeple and don't worry about anything," was James Braid's advice to us all on the first tee with the gale sweeping from left to right. Taken in a general sense it is excellent advice for putting in a wind.

A PUTTING "TIP."

There is one small putting "tip," applicable to any weather, which I am tempted to give from particular as well as general

experience. It chanced that I was having a practice putt or two before the match and talking to the great Braid the while. I struck one ball, which looked to me as if it ought to have gone in, but it did not. Murmuring something about it having turned off, I received this uncompromising reply. "You hit it bang off the heel." Now this was a fact I was entirely unaware of and I believe many of us do often hit our putts off the heel without knowing it. If we hit off the heel of a wooden club, we are conscious of it by the "feel" of the shot, even if the result be not disastrous. If we do it with an iron we know it only too well, for in extreme cases the ball flies towards silly point. But with a putter we are only conscious of a general sensation of discomfort and ineffectiveness, which we sum up by saying that we "cannot hit the ball." So either when our putts seem to us to be unfairly used, or when the ball does not ring pleasantly off the club and is apt to be short, it is well to make sure that we are not hitting too near the heel. The toe is a far less disastrous region if we must hit anywhere except in the centre. I know that one of the very best of all putters, Mr. Sidney Fry, is always trying to hit the ball rather near the toe than otherwise. It is an example worth remembering.

THE OXFORD SIDE.

Even with a wind blowing goodness knows how many miles an hour one cannot be in two places at once and so I did not see as much of other peoples' matches as I could have wished. Immediately in front of me was playing Mr. Harry Braid, making his first appearance for the Walton Heath Club. He was clearly playing very well and putting his iron shots very close to the hole. Behind me was Mr. Mellor, one of Oxford's left-handers, and he began with two threes, where two fours were good enough for anyone in the wind, and mercifully missed a putt for yet another three at the third. He did not quite live up to this standard, but he played very well and too well for Mr. Quilter. Mr. Holderness and Mr. Layton are very good at Walton and disposed neatly and efficiently of Mr. Tolley and Mr. Wethered respectively. Mr. Holderness was hardly as good as usual in the long game, but by way of compensation his putting, not usually his strong point, was almost devilish. For myself I was as pleased as need be just to beat Mr. Malik, after a very good match. Mr. Malik's swing, though so true and graceful, is so long that in a gale one has hopes of seeing him in the whin bushes. Except on one occasion, however, these hopes were entirely fallacious. It is, perhaps, something of the liteness of his race that enables him to swing so far and yet resist all temptation to undue body movement. He seems to me a very good golfer indeed, lacking only sometimes a little firmness and "nip" with his irons. The Oxford tail, much stronger than it was last year, wagged to some purpose, and Mr. Cave, who played sixth, though he did not win, gave Mr. Legge the fright of his life. From five down with six to go, he fought his way to the last green and there only just failed to hole an inhuman putt to save the match. I cannot help feeling afraid that Cambridge will not bring off another surprise this year.

SIR JAMES BUCHANAN'S STEEPLECHASERS FROM IRELAND

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF STEWARDSHIP.

I DOUBT whether any man actively associated with racing to-day has spent more money on presumed ready-made racehorses as well as foals, yearlings and mares than Sir James Buchanan. And I doubt whether any man has had to bear more serious disappointments. One of his luckiest deals was when he bought Epsom Lad, a gelding that was a cast-off from Lord Rosebery's stable. That horse won for him some of the richest races of the day. I could recount dozens of cases of unlucky dips in the lottery of thoroughbred buying and racing, including, of course, that big disappointment of 1920, Sarchedon. Sir James gave 3,000 guineas or so for him as a foal, and the young fellow really did promise well as a two year old until one day in the summer when he was misunderstood and went mad for the time being. Poor Sarchedon never got over that. When Sir James thought he would like to take up steeplechasing someone bought him a grey horse named Abou Ben Adhem at Tattersalls for 1,500 guineas. He certainly was not worth as many pence.

It is especially pleasant, therefore, to be able to write now that he has two extraordinarily fine steeplechasers in Silver Ring and Southampton. It is said that he has one even better in Southsea, but Southsea has met with a bad accident and will not be seen on a racecourse for a very long time to come—typically Buchanan luck, seeing that the horse never even carried his

colours after being bought with Southampton for £7,000. Something of the excellence of Silver Ring and Southampton was demonstrated at Kempton Park last week-end. Both won their races, the former a two-mile handicap steeplechase under the unusually big weight of 12st. 10lb., and the other a two-mile steeplechase for beginners. Silver Ring is rather a massive horse with a climbing sort of action, carrying his head low. He is, indeed, quite bulky in his proportions, and you would put him down as belonging to the "National" type of 'chaser, but he jumps so fast and has such speed that he may never be able to get further than three miles. He was bred by Mr. P. W. Parr, who bred Bernstein and sold him for about £4,000 to the late Sir Charles Assheton-Smith. His sire, Zria, was also the sire of Troytown, the brilliant Grand National winner of this year that came by his end in Paris last June. Zria stood in Ireland at Mr. J. C. Sullivan's place, and he got a remarkably big number of fine jumpers. All his stock seem to have had extraordinary size, and it is a matter for much regret that the horse should have died this year. Silver Ring's dam, Queen Silver, must be an especially fine mare. To Zria she produced Sir James Buchanan's 'chaser, and to Juggernaut (by St. Simon) she bred in successive years Silver Jug and Silver Image. Both are smart winners, especially the three year old Silver Jug, who is still in Mr. Persse's stable, though sold to an Indian owner.

Southampton is quite a different sort to Silver Ring. He is only a four year old, being by Southannan, now sixteen years old, by Florizel II from Queen's Wake, by Queen's Birthday. Southannan was a good racehorse late in life, for he was an eight year old when he won the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood. I think he was a winner every year he was in training, and was not actually at the stud until seven years ago. The price paid for Southsea and Southampton will show what a lot was thought of them. The latter must stand very little short of 17h., and yet he is most truly proportioned with a grand jumper's shoulder and splendid limbs. As I looked him over before the race he won at Kempton Park I imagined myself on his back in Leicestershire with a tremendous lot in front of me and with a feeling of absolute security, that no fence or brook would be too big and no day too long.

He is a gentleman of quality, too, such quality as you rarely see in a steeplechaser. Silver Ring and other notable ones do not possess it though I think Mrs. Hollins has a beautiful-looking horse in Turkey Buzzard. Then he jumped beautifully, taking his fences boldly and with speed and getting smartly away from them. That is what you particularly want in a 'chaser. The horse that has the faculty of getting quickly away on landing has a lot in reserve to play with. He is the natural 'chaser and the one wanted for the pace at which they run two-mile 'chases in these days. I expect Southampton to go far and do big things though it is early to prophesy about him as a Grand National horse. After all, he is only a four year old, and time will do a great deal for him; and it is good to know that he is in the right hands. He belongs to an appreciative owner, who will not ask too much of him, and he has a most capable trainer in Robert Gore, who won Grand Nationals for Sir Charles Assheton-Smith with Jerry M. and Covertcoat.

Ample evidence has been provided during the last week or two that there is going to be plenty of vigour in this new season of National Hunt sport. There are plenty of horses for hurdle races and the ranks of the steeplechasers are not as thin as they were. Jockeyship is excellent at the moment. J. R. Anthony and F. B. Rees, who rode as amateurs up to this season, have long been proved capable; but there are notable newcomers in Joe Canty, an Irish jockey of repute, who has become attached to Gore's big stable, and Frank Wootton, who received a licence in time to ride on the first day of the season. Canty had the bad luck at Kempton Park the other day to break a collar bone while riding a hurdler just after he had won on Silver Ring. He rides with unusual dash and enterprise and seems absolutely fearless.

Wootton, of course, was almost bound to be good, indeed very good, though there is a great deal of difference between jockeyship at 10st. 7lb. and at 6st. 7lb. or less. He's a man now in every sense, and yet it is not so very long ago that he was the champion flat-race jockey, riding winner after winner and carrying the livery of Lord Derby and Sir Edward Hulton. There was just a chance that he might not have been a success as a jockey over hurdles and fences. I have known riders, who have shone on the flat, to fail when, for reasons of increasing weight, they have

had to come to the winter game. Frank Wootton, however, has retained all his nerve, and he is still the same beautifully balanced rider on a horse, with an uncanny idea of pace, perfect hands, and the capacity to get all possible out of a horse. Then he sits like a horseman at the fences, going over with the horse and not being simply taken over, and though he rides short he does not ride too short. That at any rate is something to be thankful for.

I suppose some allowance must be made for the undisguised "schooling" of horses in the first week of the season and at a place like Newbury, too, which is cheaply and conveniently reached from most jumping training centres. But what were some horses doing that have excellent reputations as winners? They did not require "schooling." They were quite clearly not out to win. As the betting confirmed the idea, their remoteness from the fighting line may not matter so much, but it will matter if very soon they are well backed and, moreover, run prominently accordingly. This sort of thing is a reproach to the real sporting spirit of hurdling and steeplechasing and may well develop into a scandal. I saw an instance at Kempton Park that should have brought conscientious and vigilant stewards storming on to the offenders, but nothing was done, though much was said—unofficially.

Frequently I have written strongly in these weekly contributions to COUNTRY LIFE on the weakness of the existing system of honorary stewards. The system may be all right if the best available men are appointed, above all men who do not bet and are not conspicuously mixed up with certain stables. I am reminded with much personal satisfaction, having regard to what I have written from time to time, of Lord Londonderry's remarks on the subject of local stewards in his speech a week ago at the annual dinner of the Gimcrack Club. The position of a steward, as Lord Londonderry said, should under no circumstances be a sinecure. He and his colleagues are responsible that the race meetings carried on under their jurisdiction should satisfy all those requirements consistent with the best traditions of racing. He was not sure that all stewards were fully alive to their responsibilities. He felt that so much of the future success of racing depended upon the manner in which racing as a whole was conducted that he considered he should be wanting in his duty if he did not mention those matters as they appeared before his mind.

I hope that what has appeared in the past over my signature here has not been in sour vein, and of that everlasting and wearying matter which is called destructive criticism. It is not destructive to the highest interests to point out weaknesses seriously affecting those interests. Local stewardship in these times—the remark applied with special force to National Hunt sport—is regarded so casually, in the sense that strict impartiality is not made a matter of supreme importance, while essential matters do not seem to be included in the category of responsibilities, that I immensely welcome the words of Lord Londonderry, himself a member of the Jockey Club when he said: "I am not at all sure that all stewards are fully alive to their responsibilities."

PHILIPPOS.

THE GAME OF SQUASH RACKETS

By E. B. NOEL.

THE first championship game which has ever been arranged at squash rackets is just over and the run of the play certainly showed how much "local" knowledge helps. The two players were Charles Read of Queen's Club and A. W. Johnson of the Royal Automobile Club, and articles for the match were very carefully drawn up. They enacted that the best of two rubbers of five games each be played and that the winner of the greatest number of games be champion, or, if the games were level, aces should determine the result.

The first match was played at Queen's Club, in daylight, and here Read gained a commanding lead, winning by three games to nil: 15-8, 15-2, 15-5. This left Read only one game, or sixteen aces, to win in his opponent's court. The match here took place by artificial light and, as was expected, Read secured the championship; but whereas at Queen's he had had matters all his own way, at the R.A.C. there was little in it. Read managed just to win the first game and so secured the championship, and then Johnson won the next three games. Of course, after winning the first game, the strain was off Read and the last games were not so important, but the difference of court and conditions must certainly be rated at a number of points. The court at Queen's is longer and narrower than that at the R.A.C., and the ball used is of a different type. Both provide an amusing game and supply the first essential of squash, namely, that of giving good hard exercise in a short time. But who shall say what type of squash is the best? A standard dimension has been attempted, but there are a great number of factors to be taken into account beside actual size, namely, the materials of which the court is made, the class of ball and the height of the play line. Read himself holds that the present standard size, which is

30ft. long by 21ft., should be altered and some 5ft. added to the length. There is much to be said for this, for it does make winning strokes more possible, and rallies less interminable. In many cases, with good players, it is extremely difficult to score except by a mistake on the part of the opponent. This was certainly rather in evidence in the R.A.C. court in the recent match. Personally, I think that a player should have a chance of winning a rally with a drop shot really delicately and correctly struck and that a perfect length stroke down the side wall, when the opponent is out of position, should also score. But one meets all kinds of opinions. I have heard a dozen people say that "the only game of squash" is in such-and-such a court and not one of them mentioned the same one. The class of play in the recent match was distinctly high and I say this, having memories of the play of both professionals and amateurs for the past twenty years. Indeed, it is doubtful if anyone has before quite come up to Read's form. He has extreme quickness of foot and certainty of return and great control of placing the ball. Moreover, he plays with both "head and heart"; no amount of running tires him and in squash fitness and endurance play a large part. A few years back Jock Soutter of Philadelphia, the rackets champion, was an extraordinarily good squash player and one would like to see Read matched against him or another of the American professionals. Cambridge men of two generations will remember the play of Green, who looked after the courts in Park Street for a number of years. In his own court he was well nigh unbeatable. Bannister, formerly at the Bath Club, and Arnould, who occupies that position now, are both strong players.

There has never been anything like an amateur championship, yet there would hardly be a division of opinion among

experts that the palm in modern days should be awarded to Mr. J. E. Tomkinson. He was a good, but not a brilliant boy racket player. Squash, however, fitted him like a glove and he was certainly, in the writer's opinion, in a class by himself among amateurs of his time. He was seen at his best in the Bath Club courts, and in the handicaps there he used to owe and give an incredible number of hands and points and yet win his matches. He had extreme steadiness, a beautiful touch, and I have never known anyone who could alter the pace of the game from stroke to stroke with more subtlety. Mr. H. W. Leatham, who has been amateur champion of rackets, is another born squash player, and no one as a schoolboy had more delicacy of timing and cunning of placing than Mr. F. B. Wilson. He had one exceptional stroke where he would turn his body in one direction and then play the ball in the other with his eyes averted from it at the moment of striking. At the present day

I know of no amateur of absolutely the foremost class, though Dr. Drysdale of the R.A.C. is said to be very near it. Mr. G. Robarts, who is now back-marker at the Bath Club, is in a class which has included such players as the late Mr. H. B. Chinnery, the late Mr. R. E. Foster and Captain R. K. Price. Mr. Norman Smith and Mr. H. Lazenby were well known names in squash circles before the war, and Captain T. O. Jameson is another who holds a high reputation as a player.

Ladies are beginning to invade the squash court and it is an excellent game for them. Indeed, no game is better for teaching neatness of movement. It is hardly necessary to debate on the value of a squash court at a country house. With its simplicity of rules and of play, anyone can play well enough to enjoy it. It is very easy to light a court artificially with success. The electric lighting at the R.A.C. courts is as perfect as anything I have yet seen.

COLOUR-BLINDNESS IN ANIMALS

By F. W. EDRIDGE-GREEN, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.S., *Special Examiner in Colour Vision and Eyesight to the Board of Trade.*

MY attention was first drawn to the fact that dogs might be colour-blind when playing with a large terrier some years ago. I was on the edge of a river and had a new bright red indiarubber ball. This I threw into the water, and the dog jumped into the water, immediately made for the ball, and brought it back to me. This I repeated a number of times until, by accident, I sent the ball across the river on to the grass on the opposite bank. The dog recognised that the ball had gone across the river and on to the bank, and went across immediately in search of it. Though he searched for half an hour he was quite unable to find the ball, in spite of every effort I made by throwing stones towards it to direct his attention to it. To me it was the most conspicuous object of anything around. This dog had very good sight, and was able to recognise me at a considerable distance, but it was obvious that he was colour-blind as far as red and green were concerned. Since then I have met with very many persons who have come to the same conclusion that dogs are colour-blind. The late Mr. Doyne of Oxford decided to make careful experiments on the matter. He possessed two extremely clever pugs which were able to do numerous tricks on simply being told to perform them, as, for instance, "Walk," "Lie down," "Shut the door," "Ring the bell," "Go and kiss mother," etc. He took two plates which a man who was colour-blind would confuse, one being red and the other green. One dog was only allowed to have his meals off the red plate and the other was only allowed to have his from the green plate. When either dog went to the wrong plate it was immediately checked and its attention directed to the plate of the right colour. After six months of this training the dogs quite failed to recognise their respective plates.

Colour-blindness is not a good term for the defect, because those unacquainted with the subject are under the impression that a colour-blind person cannot see any colour at all. This is not true in the immense majority of cases, and defective colour discrimination would be a better term. Men belonging to the class of the red-green colour-blind and who would make mistakes similar to those already described of the dogs have very definite sensations of colour, but see fewer colours than the normal sighted. For instance, while the normal sighted see six or seven colours in the rainbow, the red-green blind see only two, red and violet. Therefore it is obvious that if the green region be seen as red, red and green will be confused as colours. The experiments referred to therefore only apply to red and green; further experiments may show that dogs may be able to distinguish between red and blue, or that there are certain dogs which are not colour-blind at all.

The fact of colour-blindness in dogs is an important factor bearing on protective coloration, and red, instead of being a warning colour, may in certain cases be one of disguise. The red ball which was so strikingly evident to me was so effectively disguised by the grass to the dog that it was lost.

In *Science Progress* of July and October, 1918, Dr. J. C. Mottram and I wrote two articles on "Some Aspects of Animal Coloration from the Point of View of Colour Vision." In many species of butterflies it is not uncommon for some individuals of the larvæ to be coloured brown, while others of the same species are green, and this also occurs in other insect groups. In many cases this is not associated with either environmental differences or differences of habit. If, however, cognisance be taken of the evolution of colour vision, a ready explanation of this irregularity is available. Red and violet

were the colours to become differentiated first, followed by green in the mid-spectral region. It is probable that many animals have not developed beyond this trichromatic vision, and to such a colour perception brown and green are indistinguishable, and would not therefore be a factor for selection. Thus it would be immaterial to a species, in respect to the attack of enemies, whether it be coloured green or brown against either green or brown backgrounds. There is, therefore, nothing to hinder the green-brown dimorphism and no reason why a butterfly should be coloured green rather than brown to imitate foliage.

It is therefore absolutely necessary that before the prey of an animal can be considered conspicuous or inconspicuous the colour vision of the animals which prey upon it should be known. Numerous experiments on the colour vision of animals have been made, but in most the element of brightness has not been properly eliminated. These experiments tend to show that the dog is colour-blind, while the monkey has a good colour sense.

The general tendency of mankind to interpret the sensations of animals as similar to those experienced by themselves is probably greatly at variance with fact. We know, for instance, that with smell in certain dogs there is a degree of development which is almost incomprehensible to mankind.

Further experiments are greatly needed to ascertain the colour vision of animals. The element of brightness must as far as possible be eliminated by using colours of similar shade, those being regarded as identical by colour-blind persons being used in the first place. Even when these are used there is a possible fallacy, namely, that two colours which appear to be the same shade to a man may not be at all the same shade to an animal, and therefore discriminated by brightness. This actually occurs in certain varieties of colour-blindness in man in which certain red rays are not seen at all, and therefore a light pink is matched with a much darker blue. The two appear identical to the normal sighted when viewed through a blue-green glass which cuts off the red rays reflected from the pink. This pink appears to the normal sighted blue when the red rays are subtracted from it. Red and blue when mixed make pink. It is also of great importance that the animal should not discover some subsidiary point of difference which enables it to discriminate between two objects apart from the colour.

A series of cards with various colours printed upon them might be taken, four definite colours might be used. I had a pug dog which was so clever that I taught it every trick I could think of. It worried me to teach it new tricks, and enjoyed learning them as much as an earnest student. One of the tricks I taught it was to bring me one of three cards, the ace of clubs, king of hearts and ten of diamonds. I put the three cards on the ground and would say to the pug, "Fetch me the ace of clubs," and it ran across the room and immediately picked out the ace of clubs, or would bring the king of hearts or ten of diamonds if asked to fetch these. It did not occur to me at the time to test this animal's colour vision, but it would undoubtedly have been a good subject. Birds appear to possess a colour sense.

Perhaps some reader possessing a very intelligent dog might like to test it on the lines I have suggested. The great point to make certain of is that there is no point of discriminatory difference other than colour. An animal having thoroughly associated the character of a colour with its name should be able to pick out this colour when printed in different shapes on cards.